

# COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXV.—No. 888.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1914.

PRICE SIXPENCE, BY POST, 6½D.  
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



F. K. COLLINGS.

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THE Journal for all interested in  
Country Life and Country Pursuits

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## LITERATURE AND THE . . CINEMATOGRAPH.

NO surprise need be felt at the protest which a veteran novelist, Miss Florence Warden, has made against the proposal to adapt one of her novels to the uses of a picture show. Over and over again it has been discussed recently whether the popularity of the cinematograph is or is not a good thing for young people. The proposal to show a novel in moving pictures might have been specially invented for the purpose of demonstrating the viciousness of this invention. We will not pursue the case as far as Miss Florence Warden is concerned. Her novels have a tendency to be sensational, and would undoubtedly lose the whole of their literary merit if they were shorn of all the conversation and shown only as a succession of thrilling episodes. But take the masterpieces of literature, and it will be found that the operation of reducing them to the cinema would be equally fatal. The experiment has already been made in the case of Dante's "Inferno," where the horror of the incidents proved to be an irresistible temptation to the manufacturer of films. One has only to put one's self into the position of a child who has no knowledge of the "Inferno," except what it has gained by looking at these moving pictures. The boy or girl of a commonplace, matter-of-fact mind would probably be moved only to

ridicule; but those of an imaginative, sympathetic and impressionable disposition must carry away in their plastic intelligences a memory of unrelieved horror from the exhibition. Probably never in after life would they be able to discover that the glory and greatness of Dante was to be found not in the capacity to invent incidents to produce a shudder, but in the epic itself.

To pass to a lighter illustration, what would become of "The Merry Wives of Windsor" under similar circumstances? The most skilled of artists has never yet succeeded in doing justice to Shakespearean characters, and it is just possible to fancy the ingenious maker of films seeking out a model for the portly and amorous knight, for sweet Anne Page and the clown who attempts to woo her, for Mrs. Ford, Mr. Ford and the others of the *dramatis personæ*, with soiled linen, a buck-basket, a glade in the forest with elves, and the other theatrical properties suggested by the play. But what would Shakespeare be if the incidents of his plays only were shown and the text left out, that is to say, those glances into infinity and swift recognition of the ridiculous, the smiles and tears, youth with April in his eyes, beauty, age, deformity, all called up and suggested not by any plastic art, but by the most divine and eloquent material of all—the vocabulary of man. There, indeed, you would have the plays of Shakespeare with Shakespeare left out. It would be the same with all our great authors. The film maker would seize with the wild beast's tenacity of grasp on the thrilling incident which had been invented only to give point to the author's text, and all the ideas that had been clustered round it, beautiful or only arresting, solemn or gay, far-reaching thought or witty paradox, would be left out. To subject English literature to a process like this would be absolutely criminal.

Yet the moral is only beginning to unwrap itself at this point. Anyone looking at the results of reducing the poetry of Dante to the cinematograph recognises at once what a glaring injustice has been done; but the same objection applies to many other subjects, only they are not so obvious. After all, the most suitable literary material would probably be found in those extremely crude stories which the Americans used to produce in such numbers, where the humour resembles that provided by clowns at a country fair, and the narrative matches it. Here there is no question of literature, because from the beginning words and incidents were equally bad. But the moment that a text is touched which has any literary value whatever, then the cinema is an outrage. Its best function would appear to be that of showing still, or, at any rate, dumb, life. He would indeed be stupid who refused to admit that such subjects as hunting, travelling and so on could not be beautifully shown. Nothing, for instance, has brought home to the popular mind the hardships and the incidents of Polar exploration like the moving pictures taken by Mr. Ponting. Here the cinema is performing a useful and entertaining function. It does the same thing when representing to us great pageants, ceremonies and scenes from various parts of the world; but its wicked side comes uppermost when an attempt is made to tell a story in moving pictures. If the manufacturer makes a story, or, what comes to the same thing, pays somebody else to do so, he is bound to appeal mainly to the eye, and to miss all those beautiful shades and gradations of thought which belong to the category of those things that "man's coarse thumb and finger fail to plumb." Far worse is it if he endeavours to show the thrilling incidents of a work of imagination, when he is compelled to leave out all that ennobles them. He could, for example, show Ophelia committing suicide, and even represent the willow that grew athwart the stream; but the despair and frenzy of her who has come down the ages as the type of the love-lorn maiden could not be hinted at or suggested. Without their text the incidents of the noblest works of literature are no more significant than those which come up for treatment in the police court.

## OUR PORTRAIT ILLUSTRATION

OUR portrait illustration is of the Hon. Mrs. John Freeman-Mitford, the daughter of Herr von Friedländer-Fuld of Berlin. Her marriage to Mr. John Freeman-Mitford, the fourth son of Lord Redesdale, took place on Tuesday last.

It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper. When such requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would forward the correspondence at once to him.



## COUNTRY NOTES

CONSIDERING the vast number of details that had to be arranged, it will not, we hope, be considered very late in the day to publish the full particulars of our National Competition for Cottage Designs. Our readers will take into account that arrangements had to be made and the conditions set out for no fewer than eighteen pairs of cottages, and that these are purposely selected from districts the furthest from each other and of the most diverse characteristics. If we consider that they cover practically the whole of Great Britain, it will become evident that architects will have to deal with an extraordinary variety of local sites and conditions, and of materials and their cost. They are asked to work under the conditions set forth by the Small Holdings Committee, and are told what is the irreducible minimum of accommodation, though in most of the cottages something better may fairly be expected. The cost per pair is to range from £250 to £500; but it should be explained that the £250 pair is in the way of being an experiment. Whether anyone succeeds in producing a satisfactory cottage at the figure or not, it is considered that the attempts to do so may provide results interesting in themselves.

There are a few points to which we should like to draw the attention of intending competitors. One is that any enquiry arising out of the conditions must be sent in by Saturday, January 24th. A week later printed replies to such enquiries will be sent to all who have notified an intention of competing. The important date to remember is February 28th, because it is the latest for sending in designs. May we conclude by expressing our hope and belief that the architectural profession will produce a series of designs which, when translated into brick and mortar, will prove that skilful planning and traditional exterior design are not incompatible with rigid economy. Rural England is threatened with a great defacement, and the only way of escape is for the architects to come forward with designs that will satisfy all the difficult requirements.

The New Year's Honours List was, as usual, in part a reward for consistent Party service and in part a recognition of merit. The peerage conferred on Mr. James Bryce will meet with universal approval. He has done yeoman service to his country in many capacities, privately as an author and publicly as an Ambassador to the United States, and to Mr. James Bryce we are largely indebted for the excellent feeling now prevailing between Great Britain and that country. Sir Rufus Isaacs and Mr. Ure are moved up a step, the conventional sequel to the appointments they have received. No surprise has been caused by the peerage which has been conferred upon Sir Alfred Cripps, who for many years past has been one of the King's most trusted advisers in legal affairs appertaining to his private property and to the estates belonging to the Duchy of Cornwall. This may be taken to be an entirely Royal Appointment, as Sir Alfred has long been a distinguished member of the Conservative party. With great regret it will be learned that the conferring of a baronetcy on Sir Edward Ward practically synchronises with his retirement from the position as Permanent Under-Secretary for War. Sir Edward has filled this office with devotion and

ability. Among the knightships created, journalism is recognised in Sir Owen Seaman, the editor of "Punch," who is the third occupant of the chair to receive a similar distinction. All who take a special interest in agriculture, horse breeding and other questions relating to the land, will note with pleasure the knightship conferred on Sir Howard Frank. It is an open secret that Sir Howard Frank was largely instrumental in making the arrangements which led to the gift by Sir William Lever of Stafford House to the nation.

Colonel Sir Edward Ward, to whose retirement we have just referred, is a born administrator and has been called in one of Lord Rosebery's trenchant phrases "the best Commissariat Officer since Moses." There is a certain irony in the fact that the greatest service which he has rendered to his country in the course of his career was performed with an absolute disregard for red tape. At the commencement of the South African War Sir Edward was Director of Supplies, and when he reached Ladysmith at the end of October in 1900 he found the accumulated stores would only suffice for a few weeks. There was no time to obtain supplies by indenting and routine methods, and he went to Sir George White and obtained a free hand. With an energy which is characteristic of the man, Sir Edward rushed to Durban and had train after train loaded with stores and despatched with the utmost speed to Ladysmith. There the stores were unloaded pell mell, to the scandal of the red tape officials on the spot. He went further and commandeered everything he could lay his hands on. His promptness and wise administration saved Ladysmith, while his spadework afterwards had not a little to do with the success of Lord Roberts' campaign. Sir Edward's successor, Sir Herbert Braid, has been Assistant-Secretary.

While the Land Question is being so widely discussed, it is interesting to know that one who is now probably the oldest of land reformers, and the most famous, has been engaged during the greater part of the last two years in writing a book upon the subject. We refer to Mr. Jesse Collings, the author of the famous cry, "Three acres and a cow," and of a well known book on Land Reform, which he published some three or four years ago. The new work is regarded by Mr. Collings as being his *magnum opus*, and may be regarded as his final message on a problem that has engaged his attention during the greater part of his lifetime, and he is now well over the four-score mark. The nature of the book may easily be inferred from its title, "The Colonisation of Great Britain." In it the author works out his own profession of faith, and it will be found to end on a note which is a pathetic mingling of farewell and yet of hope. It is the politician's *ave atque vale*. Like Moses of old, he stands on Pisgah and views the promised land towards which he has so long been leading his people, but for himself "the long day's work is done."

### HOLY GROUND.

The eyes of Moses once beheld God's glory in a burning bush;  
His ears received the Voice divine; his feet in hallowed precincts stood.

The red December sunset flares behind the naked trees, and—  
hush!

A sound of wind and sweeping wings comes rushing through  
the little wood:

For sure God walks the earth to-day, a Presence felt in light  
and breeze—

A sunset wood His burning bush; His voice the voice of wind-  
swept trees.

TERESA HOOLEY.

No sooner is Christmas passed than those engaged in heavy horse breeding begin to feel that the greatest horse show of the year is rapidly coming near. The Shire Horse Society has now existed for thirty-five years, and its thirty-fifth annual show at Islington will be opened on Tuesday, February 24th. Its prize list amounts to £2,230, the whole of which is provided by the Society and is the largest amount given at any exclusive breed show. The policy of the Society has always been well defined, and perhaps that is one reason for its continued success. Concerned in its origination were many first-rate business men, of whom the most notable yet surviving is Sir Walter Gilbey. From the outset it secured the support of landowners and tenant farmers. It has never wanted funds, and accordingly has been able to help and encourage the breed to an extent unequalled by any kindred organisation.

Mr. Douglas and his cricketing companions in South Africa deserve the warmest congratulations on their success



in winning the first three, that is to say the rubber, of the Test matches. On previous occasions South Africa has proved too hard a nut for the English team sent there to crack, and thus a record is established. Yet the games were won with a very satisfactory margin—two of them by more than an innings and the last by 91 runs. The heroes of the battle were undoubtedly Barnes, who proved himself, if proof were necessary, one of the greatest bowlers of all time; Mr. Douglas, who, besides being the most efficient of captains, has batted with brilliant success; and Hobbs, who has added to his laurels as a batsman. In favour of the South African team, it must be said that their only fault is that they were a weaker side than their opponents. They have played the game with sportsmanlike tenacity, never slacking or losing heart when they fell behind, but going on doggedly as if determined to win.

It is interesting to note that Mr. Basil Foster, after making a sufficient acquaintance with tennis as it is played in the United States, has come back with an opinion decidedly favourable towards their rule of not allowing an unpenalised fault. The tennis to which this refers is, of course, the original tennis of the courts. The players of that fine and ancient game are relatively few, though they make up in zeal for what they lack in number, but the players of lawn tennis, that modern cousin of the old game, are innumerable, and interest in it is world-wide. The opinion of Mr. Foster regarding the American rule for the court tennis suggests the question whether it might not make a better game of the lawn tennis also if a single fault, instead of two, were to cost a point to its server. As it is, the value of the service is possibly a little out of proportion. In a big match, when a player loses his service game the fact is so unusual as to be specially noticed. It is not very amusing for the striker out to have to face practically impossible serves, nor do they lead to interesting rallies. If a man had to suffer the penalty for a single fault he would not, of course, venture to take the risks involved in the lightning service. We do not express an opinion on the point, but merely offer a suggestion.

The year that has past has been remarkable for the premature death of several men who were very well known to the public as great game players. Most distinguished of them all was Mr. Alfred Lyttelton, whose claims to fame in other fields than the athletic were many and varied. He was followed within a month or two by his elder brother, Spencer, who was only a little less known. And on the very last day of the year was buried, with Military honours, at Aldershot, Captain Bramwell Davis of the Highland Light Infantry, who had won distinction both in golf and in cricket, but was above all known for the remarkable series of victories in the Army rackets, which he won, for his regiment, with Mr. Balfour Bryant, his brother officer, for a partner. For six successive years they won the Doubles Tournament for the Army Championship, and only relinquished it in 1908, when Mr. Bryant went to India, where he, too, died of fever. Captain Davis was but thirty-three years old at the time of his death.

Under the system of paying Members of Parliament a problem arises which must have been suggested to the minds of many. Supposing a Member to be a great deal absent from the House, not for sickness, but on account of his own pleasure or business, ought his salary as a Member to run on? Parliament has never been without its absentees. In New Zealand this matter has been carefully considered and dealt with. The Speaker there has the right to deduct £2 a day from the salary of every Member who is absent without leave. This does not seem to be at all an unfair arrangement, especially as discretionary power is vested in the Speaker, that is to say, he may take into consideration any intelligent reason for the Member's apparent neglect of duty.

There can be very little doubt of the advantage that comes to the children from taking them to hear the Christmas lectures which are specially prepared for them. It is not so much the definite information or instruction which counts; but the discourses have the effect of creating taste and arousing curiosity. For example, the boy or girl who listened to Professor H. H. Turner's delightful discourse on "A Voyage in Space," at the Royal Institution, could scarcely fail in after life to be interested in astronomical news that otherwise might have been as a sealed book. Professor Turner has that most essential quality of a lecturer for children—that

he is able to talk simply of the most abstruse subjects. If occasionally he went a little beyond their understanding, it was in a direction that they must have wanted to follow.

In the course of a correspondence in our contemporary the *Scotsman* about a proposed winter garden for Edinburgh, the suggestion has been made, without prejudice to the main proposal, that "Auld Reekie" has an unrivalled opportunity of making at trifling cost the most beautiful rock garden in the kingdom. "Edinburgh Castle stands upon a rock," in the words of an old ballad, and it would be a very simple matter to beautify this rock, which has plenty of earth pockets, with an abundance of simple flowers such as wallflowers, the various kinds of pink, red valerian, wild thyme, Iceland and scarlet poppies, Scotland's "little harebelle o'er the lee," and the viper's bugloss. The idea should be not to make an expensive and elaborate rock garden, but to foster and cherish such blossoms as those whose seeds might have been carried thither by the winds or the birds. Something of this kind has been done at Lindisfarne Castle in Northumberland, which might serve as a useful hint to the people of Edinburgh. No rock could be more suitable than theirs for an experiment in rock gardening, which would be at once grand and simple.

#### A MONUMENT.

(After an Ancient Fashion.)

Traveller, turn a mournful eye  
Where my lady's ashes lie;  
If thou hast a sweet thine own  
Pity me, that am alone;—  
Yet, if thou no lover be,  
Nor hast been, I'll pity thee.

IOLO ANEURIN WILLIAMS.

There is no one for whose opinion on all matters relating to fruit, vegetables and flowers we have a greater respect than Mr. William Robinson. Yet on one point we must register a difference. He says the best apples in the world are the American and the best single apple among them is the Newtown Pippin. After eating this apple raw and cooked for many years, we are confident that it lacks the flavour or "tang" of some of the best English and Norman apples. This is a personal opinion, but it would be extremely interesting to know what proportion of those who choose their apples intelligently and with some fastidiousness of taste subscribe to Mr. Robinson's doctrine. It would not be true to say that he is without support, for American apples, especially those from Oregon, have won the favour of many connoisseurs during the last few years; but the cultivation of English apples has also made a great advance, and our opinion is that the majority would give a better price for the best English apple than they would for the Newtown Pippin. We do not at present mention any particular variety; but it would be easy to do so, and probably nearly every reader of these lines has some favourite English apple of his own which he considers, not without reason, the equal of any foreigner.

Twenty, or even ten, years ago Londoners would have been more personally interested than they are to-day in the experiment about to be tried at Lyons for the suppression of fog. Here we seem to have got the better of the enemy. In Lyons the prevalence of fog may be judged from the fact that the total hours of sunshine average only two in November and February, one in January and forty minutes in December. M. Georges Onofrio, head of the Lyons Observatory, after much study, has come to the conclusion that the fog is produced by evaporation from the large expanse of water formed by the Rhone and the Saone as they flow through the city before uniting just below it. On the assumption that this is the case, he is of opinion that fog may be prevented by suppressing the rising of the vapour, and this, he thinks, may be accomplished by spreading a film of oil over the water. His device is to make a few sailcloth buoys filled with cotton waste saturated with oil. These are held in the stream above the town; the oil gradually oozes through, spreads over and gets taken down by the current, so that the film in time comes to cover a width of the river commensurate with the amount of oil used. After reckoning for the two factors—width of the river and the swiftness of the current—his calculation is that the necessary film will require seventy-two litres of oil a day, and will not cost more than forty francs. This is certainly an inexpensive way of removing fog.



## THE EGRET.

"YOUR hat, if you please, madam; we must have that aigrette." Such is the startling demand made by the United States Customs officials of unwary lady passengers disembarking at New York nowadays. Deeds, not words, at last! And effective deeds, too, they promise to be, if only other

long as the demand exists a supply will be forthcoming—check one collector and another takes his place; throttle the demand and, *de causa*, every collector at once gives up the quest. So long as the importation and exportation of these feathers were prohibited only on a large commercial basis, while the individual, the actual consumer, was allowed



Hentley Beetham.

A FAMILY OF EXQUISITES.

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legislatures will follow the example thus set by America, and ban the importation of birds' feathers. True, for long there have been protective measures formulated to reduce the wholesale slaughter of wild birds, but their inadequacy is common knowledge. The case, in its practical aspect, is almost exactly parallel with that of the protection of birds' eggs. It is useless to strike at the agent or collector; so

to pass unchallenged, so long would means be found to smuggle through the plumes. At last, however, it seems that a blow is being aimed in the right direction, and now, when the attention of the fair sex is thus focussed upon the subject, it is an opportune time once more to place before them another aspect of the case, an aspect that should appeal to womanly nature more forcefully than



Bentley Beetham.

THE LOVELY TRAIN OF PLUMES IS RAISED.

Copyright.

legislation—the base and wanton cruelty attendant on this feather traffic.

I have always thought, and still believe, that it is only thoughtlessness or ignorance that allows the wearing of the aigrette. A woman worthy of the name simply cannot know the history of the plumes she wears and, at the same time, approve of the manner in which they were obtained. If she could but once see an egret nursery in all its living beauty, its countless forms of wondrous grace, each busily engaged in some maternal duty, and each seeming unconsciously to vie with the other in the elegance of pose and action, she would not, she could not, longer tolerate the ruthless destruction of these lovely birds. But alas! how few women will ever see a living egret, much less an egret's nursery!

However, I hope that if the accompanying photographs are looked at sympathetically, they will, perhaps, suggest some of the grace and beauty that are present in the living scene.

The exact locality of this bird paradise had better not be named; South Europe will be definite enough! Here, hidden away amid a rolling waste of sand and scrub, the little tarn, which bears the colony, lies sparkling like a jewel in the sun. Out of its still waters grow gnarled and twisted tamarisk bushes, whose dark green foliage, as we draw near, is seen to be thickly spangled over with a host of snowy birds.

Every branch and twig has got its load of graceful forms, the birds looking from a distance like a dainty white inflorescence on the trees. Then suddenly, as we canter down the shore, the colony takes wing and tumult reigns.



Bentley Beetham.

"LIKE A CLOUD OF FROSTED GOSSAMER."

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Bentley Beetham.

WITH WINGS EXPANDED.

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But what a tumult! Nothing rough or discordant, no semblance to a mob; rather is it the incarnation of the fairest of fairy scenes, the scattering of Titania's revellers. The bushes seem as if by magic to pour forth an endless stream of graceful life, and soon the sky is filled with a multitude of snowy drifting forms. Round and round they circle above the nursery trees, now deftly poised upon fast-quivering wings, now riding easily along with widespread pinions—

so they drift in endless streams, each one seeming, as it floats by, more elegant and lovely than the last. Gradually the pace is slackened, slowly and still more slowly the birds glide past, till presently some alight. Soon they are settling down on every side, to sit swaying on the delicate tracery of the tamarisk boughs, their snowy plumage glistening in the sunlight. Then the colony regains composure, and we see on every side the lovely aigrette—perhaps the most



Bentley Beetham.

A SALUTATION AT THE NEST.

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Bentley Beetham.

NOT WHITE FLOWERS, BUT BIRDS.

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exquisite ornament displayed by any bird—displayed in all its living beauty, displayed as Nature meant it to be shown. And what a lovely show it is! As mate meets mate, the lovely train of plumes of each is raised and spread in greeting, to hover like a cloud of frosted gossamer above the back, scintillating as the feathers shake and tremble with life's passion.

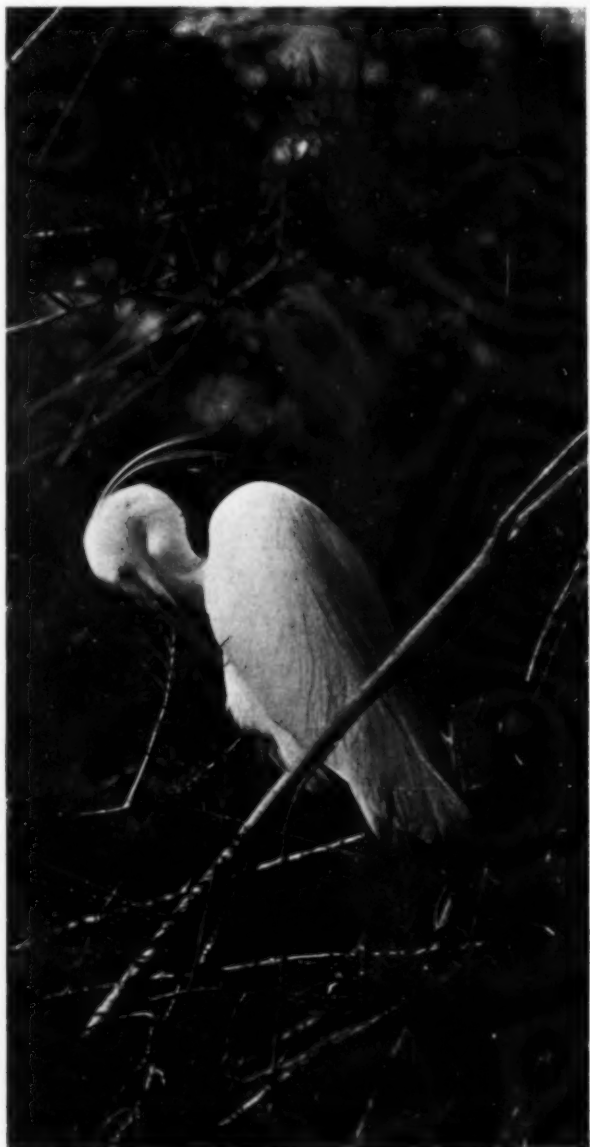
As yet these birds have learnt no fear of man; they crowd the branches all around us, quietly returning to brood upon their nests not twenty yards from where we stand. To shoot them down would be almost as easy as to dispatch a farmyard roost. Fortunate indeed it is that this colony is naturally protected by a great encircling belt of utter wilderness, trackless and almost untrodden save by the few



Bentley Beetham

WORRIED A LITTLE.

Copyright.



Bentley Beetham.

AT PEACE.

Copyright.





Bentley Beetham.

"ROUND AND ROUND THEY CIRCLE ABOVE THE NURSERY TREES."

Copyright.

keepers who guard its big game on the sportsman's behalf. Here the birds have—of late, at least—been left to breed in peace. No plume hunter has dared to penetrate their sanctuary; but one shudders to contemplate the day, which one hopes may never dawn, when, through lax control by the overlord the plumassiers shall at last break through and steal. It is unnecessary, I think, to draw a picture of the awful slaughter of that day; the piles of mutilated bodies with the wings

torn off; the hapless young ones left to starve miserably to death. Such are the incidents common to the pillage of any egret nursery, and those who wish to read of them may do so in the pamphlets of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. Suffice it here that the surest, indeed the only, way to obviate such scenes of slaughter is for women to cease to decorate themselves with aigrettes.

BENTLEY BEETHAM.

## THE SOCIETY OF ANIMAL PAINTERS

THE recently formed Society of Animal Painters is holding its first exhibition of paintings at the Leicester Galleries in Leicester Square. It will be open until the end of January. The preface to the catalogue tells us that the society has been brought into existence by a group of artists, lovers and painters of animals, who are convinced that the form of art which means so much to them could be better understood and more widely appreciated by the general public were its exponents banded together. The idea is an excellent one, and we wish the originators every success in their undertaking. They are working in a good cause, and one which should appeal particularly to Englishmen, using the word in its widest sense.

The list of members of the society comprises but few names at present, though most of them are well known. Mr. H. W. B. Davies, R.A., and Mr. Briton Riviere, R.A., head the list as honorary members. Miss Lucy Kemp-Welch is president, and contributes five pictures out of the forty on view. They are all good, it is hardly necessary to say, characterised by the fine technique and accuracy of drawing which lovers of her work have the right to expect. The best—in some respects the best picture in the show—is No. 11, "The Hour of Rest." The white horse in the immediate foreground shows a brilliant piece of foreshortening. "The Waterway" (No. 16) is full of sunlight, while "Sunshine and Shadow, Hyde Park," is refreshingly alive with colour and movement. One of the first thoughts which comes

to mind on entering the room is the lack of inspiration which many of the pictures show. There are a good sprinkling of hunting scenes and pictures of wild life, one of the most notable being Mr. Frank Calderon's "The Whip" (No. 38), but fully a quarter portray purely "domestic" scenes—cows, calves, sheep, chickens, dogs and ducks. Technical skill may raise them in an artist's eyes above the mediocre, but they are deadly uninteresting to the average individual. Animal painting, as Mr. Baldry remarks, "is surrounded with difficulties peculiar to itself; it needs a depth of insight and a degree of sympathy which only the most fully endowed painters can hope to possess; it requires of those who would follow it temperamental qualifications which are rare, and a power of overcoming disabilities which is, perhaps, rarer still."

To how great an extent these "temperamental qualifications" are absent in the case of some of the artists who are exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries we have no wish to insist. It is always an invidious task criticising an artist's work. To him it is a labour of love; more so in the case of an animal painter than in any other form of art. Criticism is easy and accomplishment so hard. There can be no question that the accurate portrayal of wild animals in a state of nature is the highest form of the animal painter's art, and with the exception of the deer, it seems improbable that, with one exception, any of the larger animals depicted have been seen by the artists who paint them as they are in the wild. In this we are woefully behind the Germans. That

there is no demand for such pictures is a false assumption. The sale of Mr. Kuhnert's high-priced canvases, when he does hold an exhibition in London, is a sufficient refutation of such an idea. His pictures are not beyond criticism, few pictures are, but one feels instinctively that he has seen the animals in their own natural surroundings. The same can scarcely be said of any of the artists who are exhibiting at the Leicester Galleries.

Mr. Dollman may or may not have seen wild gazelle, but he has most admirably concealed his ignorance if he has not. In No. 12 the attitudes and grouping of the gazelles leave nothing to be desired. The colouring is true to life and the work is altogether infinitely superior to No. 36, a lion, by the same artist. It is in no respect worthy of him. No. 8, "Fallow Deer," is pleasing alike in composition and colour. "Orpheus," an ambitious subject, shows the musician lulling a group of lions to sleep with his pipes. It is good, but not as good as the Red Indian and bear which Mr. Dollman exhibited in the Royal Academy some years ago.

Mr. Herbert Dicksee exhibits two pastel drawings; a large picture of a lion's head and a clever drawing of a Polar bear showing all the artist's accustomed vigour and accuracy of drawing. Mr. Briton Riviere contributes two pictures of lions; and Mr. Charlton, in the six pictures he shows, includes one of a Polar bear, entitled "Bereaved" (No. 33). It is beautifully painted, but just the kind of picture a clever artist would paint who had never seen the

horses we have, only exhibits two pictures. One, a clever impression of a bull being speared in a bull-fight, is full of action; the other is of a hen and chickens. Presumably there is a demand for pictures of poultry, otherwise so good an artist as Mr. Armour would not paint them. In the case of the ordinary lover of pictures it is difficult to imagine a more uninteresting subject. Yet there are several in the exhibition. Mr. Armour's (No. 13) is preferable to the bedraggled and dyspeptic looking fowl portrayed by Mr. Pirie (No. 40), entitled "Out of Action." It may be clever, but certainly it is not beautiful. Pictures, presumably, are painted largely, if not primarily, for sale. He would be a bold man with a stout heart who would hang Mr. Pirie's beaten cock on his wall for daily contemplation. No. 35, by this gentleman, is entitled "Mountain Sheep." It represents the mountain sheep comfortably clustered alongside a hurdle. The title is misleading.

Mr. Charlton's hunting pictures are seldom anything else but good. No. 29, "Cub-hunting," is perhaps the best in oils. The "Deer Path" (No. 1) and a beautifully fresh water-colour, "Stealing Away" (No. 5), are also good examples of his work. The animal painter who seeks inspiration from wild life has a difficult task before him. He has to reconcile the critical eye of the sportsman and the demands of the professional artist. He is between the devil and the deep sea. From an artistic point of view "Roedeer" (No. 32) is a delightful little study, but the sportsman would make short work of Mr. Charlton's roebuck. No roe that ever



"THE HOUR OF REST," BY THE PRESIDENT, MISS LUCY KEMP WELCH.

animals in their natural surroundings. Mr. Wardle has a Polar bear picture (this animal seems extraordinarily popular among artists), one of lions and another of Indian leopards. They are, if the expression is permissible, typical Zoo pictures. Mr. Morley should really study the anatomy and colour of a lioness. The animal (No. 30) called "A Lioness Prowling" is out of drawing and not particularly like a lioness. Have we no artists who can go out and study wild animals in their natural haunts? German painters like Kuhnert and Heims find it possible. Why should not a British artist? "The Whip" (No. 38) is one of the best pictures in the exhibition. Few artists can paint a horse better than Mr. Calderon, and the action of both man, horse and hound are admirable.

Another clever picture by the same artist is No. 19—two greyhounds jumping a fence above a gap through which a hare has just turned. The violent action of the hounds is portrayed with consummate mastery. Mr. H. W. B. Davis sends two small pictures of cattle and sheep, showing all his customary skill and charm. Mr. A. J. Munnings has a strong "Impression of Cows in a Stream," and a large canvas, reminiscent of Mr. Arnesby Brown, entitled "Cow and Calf" (No. 21). The cow stands by the calf, both animals in shadow, while brilliant sunshine lights up the middle distance beyond. Mr. Armour, one of the cleverest delineators of

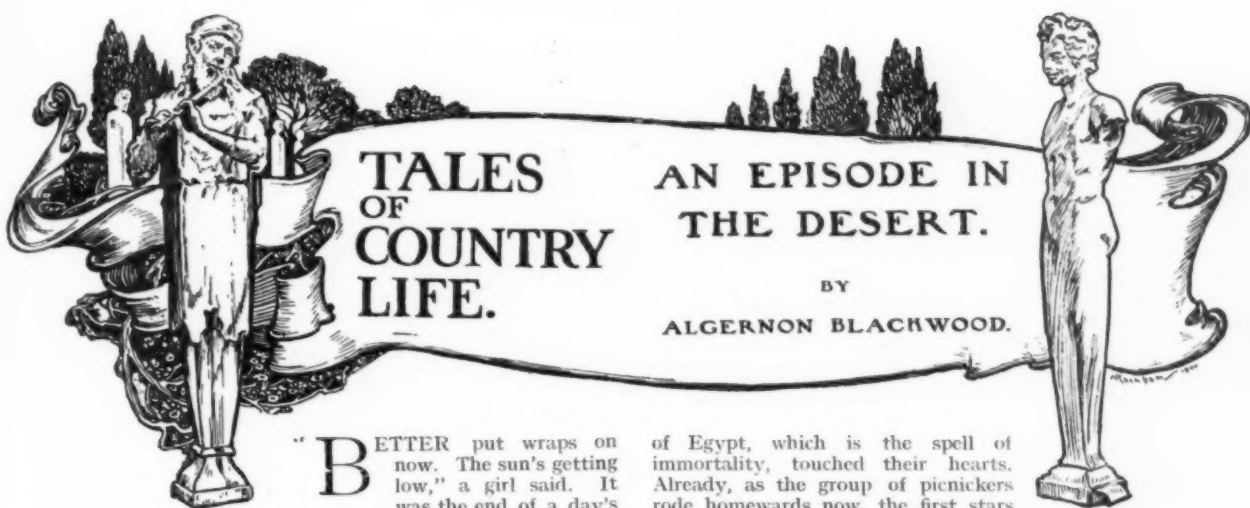
lived carried such a rump, and the whole animal is much too clumsy. Mr. C. E. Stewart has three pictures, of which perhaps the best is a mare and foal looking at a hedgehog (No. 22). Their quiet watchfulness is cleverly suggested. Mr. Edwin Alexander's exquisite work is worthy of more inspired subjects than a young gull, and a cock and hen sitting on an old crate, beautifully painted as they are.

This exhibition is the Society's first show. Speaking generally, the technical skill is first rate and the standard of workmanship very high. The list of members includes, as has already been remarked, many of our best known animal artists, though one is sorry not to see work by such men as Mr. Lionel Edwards, Mr. G. Wright, Mr. Fisher and Mr. H. M. Livens, to mention but a few names. Sportsmen, too, will wonder that Mr. Thorburn, Mr. Millais, Mr. George Lodge and Mr. Murray Dixon are unrepresented.

It is the fashion in certain circles to sneer at the so-called "natural history school." There could be no greater nor more ignorant error. Where, if inspiration be sought, could it be more aptly found than by studying the ways, habits and surroundings of those beings which we are accustomed to call "the lower animals"? The Society of Animal Painters has laid the foundation of what we hope and believe will eventually develop into a great success.

FRANK WALLACE.





"BETTER put wraps on now. The sun's getting low," a girl said. It was the end of a day's expedition in the Arabian Desert,

and they were having tea. A few yards away the donkeys munched their barley; beside them in the sand the boys lay finishing cakes and bread and jam. Immense, with gliding tread, the sun's rays slid from crest to crest of the limestone ridges that break the huge expanse towards the Red Sea. By the time the donkey boys were ready and the tea things packed, the sun hovered, a giant ball of red, above the Pyramids in the west. It stood a moment, looking out of its majestic hood across the sand. With a movement almost visible it leaped, paused, then leaped again. It seemed to bound towards the horizon; then, suddenly, was gone.

"It is cold, yes, isn't it?" said the painter, Rivers. And all who heard looked up at him because of the way he said it. A general hurried movement that was half scuffle ran through the merry party, and the girls were on their donkeys quickly, not wishing to be left to bring up the rear. They clattered off. The boys cried; the thud of sticks was heard; hoofs shuffled through the sand and stones. In single file the picnickers headed for Helouan, some five miles distant. And the desert closed up behind them as they went, following in a shadowy wave that never broke, noiseless, foamless, unstreaked, driven by no wind, and of a volume undiscoverable. Against the sunset the Pyramids turned black. The strip of silvery Nile among its palm trees looked like rising mist. In the incredible Egyptian afterglow the enormous horizons burned a little longer, then went out. The ball of the earth—a huge round globe that bulged—curved visibly as at sea. It was no longer a flat expanse; it turned. Its splendid curves were realised.

"Better put wraps on, for it's getting cold and the sun is low," and then the curious, sharp hurry to get back among the houses and the haunts of men. No more was said, perhaps, than this, yet, the time and place being what they were, the mind became suddenly aware of that quality which ever brings a certain shrinking with it—vastness. A scale of colossal splendour stole upon the heart, and the senses, unaccustomed to the unusual stretch, reeled a little, as though the wonder was more than could be faced with comfort. Not all, doubtless, realised it, though to two, at least, it came with a staggering impact there was no withstanding. For, while the luminous greys and purples crept round them from the sandy wastes, the hearts of those two became aware of certain common things whose simple majesty is dulled usually by mere familiarity. Neither the man nor the girl knew for certain that the other felt it, as they brought up the rear together; yet the fact that each did feel it set them side by side in the same strange circle—and made them silent. The dizzy stretch of time that leads up to the casual pinning of a veil; the tightening of a stirrup strap; the little speech with a companion; the roar of the centuries that have ground mountains into sand and spread them over the floor of Africa; the distance of the countless stars, sunk deep into endless space beyond conception; the little truth that they themselves existed amid the whirl of stupendous systems all delicately balanced as a spider's web—that they were *alive*.

For a moment this vast scale of reality revealed itself, then hid swiftly again behind the *debris* of the obvious. The universe, containing their two tiny yet important selves, stood still for a flashing instant before their eyes. Everything moved and had its being, *lived*—here in this silent, empty desert even more actively than in a city of crowded houses. A few miles to the west the quiet Nile, sighing with age, passed down towards the sea; there loomed the menacing pyramids through the hurrying twilight; beneath them, in monstrous dignity, crouched that shadow from whose eyes of battered stone proceeds the nameless thing that contracts the heart and opens it wide again to terror; and everywhere, from towering monoliths as from secret tombs, rose that strange, deep whisper which, defying time and distance, laughs at death. That spell

of Egypt, which is the spell of immortality, touched their hearts. Already, as the group of picnickers rode homewards now, the first stars twinkled overhead, and the peerless Egyptian night was on the way. There was visible hurry in the passing of the dusk. And the cold increased.

"So you did no painting after all," he said to the girl who rode a little in front of him, "for I never saw you touch your sketch-book once." They were some distance now behind the others; the line straggled; and when no answer came he quickened his pace, drew up alongside and saw that her eyes, in the reflection of the sunset, shone with tears. But she turned her head a little, smiling into his face, so that the human and the non-human beauty came over him with an onset that was almost shock. Neither one or other he knew were long for him, and the realisation of it fell upon him with a pang of actual physical pain. The acuteness, the hopelessness of the realisation, for a moment, were more than he could bear, strong among types of men though he was, and he tried to pass in front of her, urging his donkey with resounding strokes. Her own animal, however, following the lead, at once came up with him. "You felt it, perhaps, as I did," he said some moments later, his voice quite steady now. "The stupendous thing—the *life* behind it all." He hesitated a little in his speech, unable to find the substantive that could compass even a fragment of his thought. She paused, too, similarly inarticulate before the surge of incomprehensible feelings. The desert stirred unmanageably vast emotions.

"It's—awful," she said, half laughing, yet the tone a little hushed and a quaver in it somewhere. And her voice to him was like the first sound he had ever heard in the world, for the first sound a full-grown man heard in the world would be beyond all telling—magical. "I shall not try again," she continued, leaving out the laughter this time; "and my sketch-book is a farce. For, to tell the truth, I—really dare not try." These last four words she said below her breath.

He turned and looked at her for a second. It seemed to him that the following wave had caught her up, and was about to break above her. But her big-brimmed hat and the streaming veil shrouded the features. He saw, instead of her, the Universe. He felt as though he and she had always, always been together, and always, always would be.

"It came so close," she whispered. "It—shook me!" They were cut off from their companions, whose voices sounded far ahead. Her words might have been spoken by the darkness or by someone who peered at them from behind that following wave. Yet the fanciful phrase was better than any he could find. From the immeasurable space of time and distance men's hearts vainly seek to plumb, it drew into closer perspective a certain meaning that words may hardly compass, a formidable truth that belongs to that deep place where hope and pain fight their incessant battle. And he understood that the tears and the laughter were one—caused by that spell which takes a little human life and shakes it, as an animal shakes its prey that later shall feed its blood and increase its power of growth. His other thoughts—numerous yet really but a single thought—he had not the right to utter. Pain this time easily routed hope as the wave came nearer. It would shortly break, he knew, over him, but not over her. Him it would sweep with its huge withdrawal into the desert whence it came; her it would leave high upon the shores of life—alone. And yet the separation would somehow not be real. They were together in eternity even now. They were endless as the desert, beginningless as the sky . . . immortal.

The lights of Helouan, dancing in front of them like a fallen constellation, seemed to come no nearer as those two rode on in silence for the rest of the way. It was like riding towards the stars. Against the dark background of the Mokattam Hills they twinkled brightly, hanging in mid-air, but after an hour they were no closer than before. It would take centuries to reach them. There were centuries in which to do so. Hurry had no place in the desert; it was born in streets. The desert stands still, and to go fast in it is to go

backwards. Now, in particular, its enormous, uncanny leisure was everywhere—in keeping with that mighty scale the sunset had made visible. Past and future made a circle whose centre was the present, and at the very centre of that circle he stood and breathed. His thoughts, like the steps of the weary animal that bore him, had no progress in them. The serpent of eternity, holding its tail in its own mouth, rose from the sand, enclosing himself, the stars—and her. Behind him, in the hollows of that shadowy wave, the procession of dynasties and conquests, the great series of gorgeous civilisations the mind calls Past, stood still, crowded with shining eyes and beckoning faces, still waiting to arrive. For there is no death in Egypt. His own death stood so close that he could touch it by stretching out his hand, yet it seemed behind rather than in front of him. What man called a beginning was a trick. There was no such thing. He was with this girl—*now*, when Death waited so close for him—yet had never really begun. Their lives ran always parallel. From the centre of the circle where he stood he went in all directions at once. Apparently riding towards the lights of Helouan, he actually was sliding backwards, and the hand he stretched to clasp approaching death caught instead in this girl's shadowy hair, drawing her in with him to the centre where he breathed the eternity of the desert. And expression of any sort here was as futile as it was unnecessary. To paint, to speak, to sing, even the slightest gesture of the soul, became a crude and foolish thing. Silence was here the truth. And they rode in silence towards the fairy lights.

Then suddenly the rocky ground rose up close before them; boulders stood out vividly, with black shadows and shining heads; a flat-roofed house slid by; three palm trees rattled in the evening wind; beyond a mosque and minaret sailed upwards across the air, like the rigging of a phantom craft; and the colonnades of Al Hayat, great modern hotel, standing upon its dome of limestone ridge, loomed over them. Helouan was round them before they knew it. The desert lay behind with its huge, arrested billow. Slowly, owing to its prodigious volume, yet with a speed that merged it instantly with the far horizon behind the skirts of night, this wave now withdrew a little. There was no hurry. It came, for the moment, no further. It waited, deepening with every hour into an incalculable splendour. It waited.

In the street the foremost riders drew rein, and, two and two abreast, the long line clattered past the shops and *cafés*, the railway station and hotels, stared at by the natives from the busy pavements. The donkeys stumbled, blinded by the electric lights. Girls in white dresses flitted here and there, arabiehs rattled past with people hurrying home to dress for dinner, and the evening train, just in from Cairo, disgorged its stream of passengers. There were dances in several of the hotels that night. Voices rose on all sides. Questions and answers, engagements and appointments made, little plans and plots and intrigues for seizing happiness on the wing—before the wave rolled in and caught the lot.

"You are going, aren't you? You promised——"

"Of course I am."

"Then I'll drive you over. May I call for you?"

"All right; thanks. Come at nine."

"But we shan't have finished our bridge by then. Say ten or ten-thirty, if you don't mind."

"Right O! That's time enough." And eyes exchanged their meaning signals. The group dismounted and dispersed. Arabs standing beneath the lebbakh trees, or squatting on the pavements before their dimly-lit booths, watched them with faces of gleaming bronze. Rivers gave his bridle to a donkey boy, and moved across stiffly after the long ride to help the girl dismount. "You feel tired?" he asked, gently. "It's been a long day." For her face was white as chalk, though the eyes shone brilliantly.

"Tired, perhaps," she answered, "but exhilarated, too. I should like to be there now. I should like to go back this minute—if someone would take me." And, though she said it lightly, there was a meaning in her voice he apparently chose to disregard. The big Scale was still about them both. "Will you take me—some day?"

The direct question, spoken by those determined little lips, was impossible to ignore. He looked close into her face as he helped her from the saddle with a spring that brought her a moment half into his arms. "Some day I will," he said, with emphasis, "when you are thoroughly rested." The pallor in her face and a certain expression in it he had not known before, startled him. "I think you have been overdoing it," he added, with a tone in which authority and love were oddly mingled, neither of them disguised.

"Like yourself," she smiled, shaking her skirts out and looking down at her dusty shoes. "I've only a few days more—before I sail. We're both in such a hurry, but you are the worse of the two." "Because my time is even shorter," ran his horrified thought—but underground, for he said no word.

She raised her eyes suddenly to his, with an expression that for an instant almost persuaded him she guessed—almost that her light words hid another meaning—and the soul in him stood rigidly at attention, urging back the rising fires. The hair dropped loosely a little round the sunburned neck. Her face was level with his shoulder. Even the glare of the street lights could not make her undesirable. But behind the gaze of the deep brown eyes he saw another thing look forth, clear and strong, into his own. And he recognised it with a rush of terror, yet of singular exaltation.

"It followed us all the way, all the way," she whispered. "It came after us from that wonderful place—in the desert—where it lives."

"At the houses," he said, equally low, "it stopped." He gladly adopted her syncopated speech, for it helped him in his struggle to subdue the rising fires.

For a second she hesitated. "You mean, if we had not left so soon—when it turned cold. If we had stayed a little longer——" He caught at her hand, unable to control himself, but dropped it again the same second, while she made as though she had not noticed, forgiving him with her eyes. "Or a great deal longer," she added, slowly.

And then somehow he was certain that she *had* guessed—not that he loved her above all else in the world, for that was so obvious that a child might know it, but that his silence was due to his other lesser secret; that the great Executioner had arrived and stood waiting to pinion him and drop the hood about his eyes. Something in her gaze and in her manner persuaded him suddenly that she understood. His exhilaration increased extraordinarily. "I mean," he said very quietly, "that the spell weakens here among the houses and among the—living." There was a touch of masterfulness in his voice. Very wonderfully he saw her smile change; then she drew slightly closer to his side, as though unable to resist. "Mingled with lesser things we should not understand completely," he added softly. "And that might be a mistake, you mean?" she asked quickly, her face grave again.

It was his turn to hesitate a moment. The breeze stirred the hair about her neck, bringing its faint perfume—perfume of young life—to his nostrils. He drew his breath in deeply, smothering back the torrent of rising words he knew were unpermissible. "Misunderstanding," he said, briefly. "If the eye be single——" He broke off, shaken by a paroxysm of coughing. "You know my meaning," he continued, as soon as the attack had passed; "you feel the difference here," pointing round him to the hotels, the shops, the busy stream of people, "the hurry, the excitement, the feverish, blinding child's play which pretends to ignore it——" And again the coughing stopped him. This time she took his hand in her own, pressed it very slightly, then released it. He felt it as the touch of that desert wave upon his soul. "The reception must be in complete and utter emptiness. Tainted by lesser things, the disharmony might be——" he began, stammeringly.

Again there came interruption, as the rest of the party called impatiently to know if they were coming up to the hotel. He had not time to find the completing adjective. Perhaps he could not find it ever. Perhaps to-day it does not exist in any modern language. They all moved in a chattering, merry group towards the big hotel. Rivers and the girl were separated.

## II.

There was a dance that evening, but neither of these took part in it. In the great dining-room their tables were far apart. He could not even see her across the sea of intervening heads and shoulders. Immediately the long meal was over, he went to his room, feeling it imperative to be alone. He did not read, he did not write, but, leaving the electric light unlit, he wrapped himself up and leaned out upon the broad window-sill into the enormous Egyptian night that drowned the sky in stars. His thoughts, like these crowding stars, stood still, yet for ever took new shapes. He tried to see behind them, as, when a boy, he had tried to see behind the constellations—out into space—where there is nothing.

Below him the lights of Helouan twinkled like the Pleiades reflected in a pool of water; a hum of queer soft noises rose to his ears; but just beyond the houses the desert stood at attention, the vastest thing he had ever known, very stern, yet very comforting, with its peace beyond all comprehension, its delicate, wild terror, and its awful message of immortality. And the attitude of his mind, though he did not know it, was one of prayer. From time to time he went to lie on the bed with paroxysms of coughing. He had overtaxed his strength wickedly—his swiftly fading strength.

Nearer forty than thirty-five, Paul Rivers had come out to Egypt by order of a specialist, plainly understanding that with the greatest care he might last a few months longer than if he stayed in England. A few more times to see the sunset and the sunrise, watch the stars, feel the soft airs of earth upon his wasting cheeks; a few extra days of intercourse with his kind, asking and answering questions, wearing the old, familiar clothes he loved, reading his favourite pages, and then out into the big spaces—where there is nothing.

Yet no one, from his stalwart, energetic figure, would have guessed—no one but the expert mind, not to be deceived, to whom in the first attack of overwhelming despair and desolation he went for final advice. He left that house, as many had left it before, knowing that in a few short weeks he would need no earthly protection of roof and walls, and that his soul, if he had such a thing, would be free and shelterless in the big spaces behind all manifested life. He had looked forward to fame and position in this world; had, indeed, already achieved the first steps towards his end; and now, with the vanity of all earthly aims so mercilessly clear before him, he had turned, in somewhat of a nervous, concentrated hurry, to make terms with the Infinite while still the brain was there. And had, of course, found nothing. For it takes a lifetime crowded with experiment



and effort to learn even the alphabet of genuine faith; and what could come of a few weeks' wild questioning but confusion and bewilderment of mind? It was inevitable. He came out to Egypt, wondering, thinking, questioning, but chiefly wondering. He had grown, that is, more childlike, abandoning the futile tool of Reason, which yet hitherto had seemed to him the most perfect instrument known to men. Its foolishness stood naked before him in the pitiless light of the specialist's decision. For—"Who can by searching find out God?"

To be exceedingly careful of over-exertion was the final warning he brought with him, and, within a few hours of his arrival, three weeks ago, he had met this girl and utterly disregarded it. He took it somewhat thus: "Instead of lingering on an extra week or two, I'll enjoy myself and go out—a little sooner. I'll live. The time is very short." His was not a nature, anyhow, that could heed a warning for long. He could not kneel. Upright and unflinching, he went to meet things as they came, reckless, unwise, but certainly not afraid. And this characteristic operated now. He ran to meet Death full tilt in the uncharted spaces that lay behind the stars. With love for a companion, he raced, his speed increasing from day to day, she, as he thought, knowing merely that he sought her, but did not guess his darker secret that was now his *lesser* secret.

And in the desert, this afternoon of the picnic, the great thing he sped to meet had shown itself with its familiar touch of appalling cold and shadow—familiar, because all minds know of and accept it—appalling, because until realised close, and with the mental power at the full, it remains but a name the heart refuses to believe in. Rivers had seen the Wave that sweeps incessant, tireless, but as a rule invisible, round the great curve of the bulging earth, brushing the nations into the deeps behind. And—it had steadily followed him home to the streets and houses of Helouan. He saw it *now*, as he leaned from his window, dim and immense, too huge to break. Ever noiseless it waited on the desert floor. Its beauty was nameless, undecipherable. His coughing echoed back from the wall of its great sides. And the music floated up at the same time from the ballroom in the opposite wing. The two sounds mingled. Life which is love, and Death which is their unchanging partner, held hands beneath the stars. He leaned out further to drink in the sweet air. Soon, on this air his body would be dust, driven, perhaps, against her very cheek, trodden on possibly by her little foot—until, in turn, she joined him too, blown by the same wind together loose about the desert. True. Yet at the same time they would always be together, always somewhere side by side, continuing in the vast universe, *alive*. He remembered the curious, sweet perfume in the desert, as of flowers, where yet no flowers are. It was the perfume of life. But in the desert there is no life. Living things, things that grow and move and utter, are but a protest against death. In the desert they are unnecessary, because death there is not. Its overwhelming vitality needs no insolent, visible proof, no protest, no little signs of life. The message of the desert is immortality. He went finally to bed, somewhere between the dawn and midnight, and passed a night of torture and feverish exhaustion. Hovering magnificently just outside his window, Death watched him while he slept.

And downstairs, meanwhile, the girl, knowing nothing, wondered where he was, wondered unhappily and restlessly; more—though this she did not understand—wondered motheringly. Until to-day, on the ride home, and from their singular conversation together, she had guessed nothing of his reason for being at Helouan, where so many come in order to find life. She only knew her own reason. And she was but twenty-five.

Then, in the desert, when that touch of unearthly chill had stolen out of the sand towards sunset, she had realised clearly, astonished she had not seen it long ago, that this man loved her, yet that something prevented his obeying the great impulse. In the life of Paul Rivers, whose presence had profoundly stirred her heart the first time she saw him, there was some obstacle that held him back, a barrier his honour must respect. He could never tell her of his love. It could lead to nothing. Knowing that he was not married, her intuition failed her utterly at first. Then, in their silence on the homeward ride, the truth had somehow pressed up and touched her with its hand of ice. In that disjointed conversation at the end, which reads as it sounded, as though no definite meaning lay behind the words, and as though both sought to conceal by speech what yet both burned to utter, she had divined his darker secret, and knew that it was the same as her own. She understood then it was Death that had tracked them from the desert, following with its gigantic shadow from the sandy wastes. The cold, the darkness, the silence which cannot answer, the stupendous mystery which is the spell of its inscrutable Presence, had risen about them in the dusk, and kept them company at a little distance, until the lights of Helouan had bade it halt. His time, perhaps, was even shorter than her own. None knew his secret, since he was alone in Egypt and was caring for himself; and, similarly, since she bravely kept her terror to herself, her mother and younger sister had no inkling of her own, aware merely that the disease was in her system and that her orders were to be extremely cautious. This couple, therefore, shared secretly together the two biggest glimpses of eternity life has to offer to the soul. Side by side they looked steadily into the grave and splendid eyes of Love and Death. Life, moreover, with its instinct for simple and terrific drama, had produced this

majestic climax, breaking with pathos, at the very moment when it could not be developed—this side of the stars. They stood together upon the tremendous stage, a stage emptied of other human players; the audience had gone home, and the lights were being lowered; no music sounded; the critics were a-bed. In this great game of Consequences it was known where he met her, what he said and what she answered, possibly what they did, and even what the world thought. But "what the consequence was" would ever remain unknown and untold. That would happen in the lug spaces of which the desert in its motionless silence, its sweet immensity, its shelterless, intolerable comfort, is the perfect symbol. And the desert gives no answer. Life in the desert makes no sign. It *is*.

In the hotel that night there arrived by chance a famous International dancer, whose dahabiyeh lay anchored at San Giovanni, in the Nile below Helouan; and this woman, with her party, had come to dine and take part in the festivities. The news spread. After twelve the lights were lowered, and while the moonlight flooded in through columns and terraces, past pillar and colonnade, she rendered in the shadowed halls the music of the Masters, interpreting with an instinctive genius she little understood herself, perhaps, messages which are eternal and divine. Among the crowd of enthralled and delighted guests, the girl sat on the steps and watched her. The rhythmical interpretation held a power that seemed, in a sense, inspired; there lay in it a certain unconscious something that was enormous, pure, unearthly; something that the stars, wheeling in stately movements over the sea and desert, know; something the great winds bring to mountains where they play together; something the forests capture and fix magically into their gathering of big and little branches. It was both passionate and spiritual, wild and tender, intensely human and seductively non-human. For it was original, taught of Nature, a revelation of naked, unhampered life. It comforted, as the desert comforts. It brought the desert awe into the stuffy corridors of the hotel, with the moonlight, the whispering of stars, yet behind it ever the silence of those grey, mysterious, interminable spaces which utter to themselves the wordless song of life. For it was the same dim thing, the girl felt, that had followed her from the desert several hours before, halting just outside the streets and houses as though blocked from further advance; the thing that had stopped her foolish painting, skilled though she was, because it hides behind colour and not in it; the thing that veiled the meaning in the cryptic sentences she and he had stammered out together; the thing, in a word, as near as she could approach it by any means of interior expression, that the realisation of death for the first time makes comprehensible—Immortality. It was unutterable but it *was*.

"In the desert," thought whispered as she watched spell-bound, "it is impossible even to conceive of death. The idea is meaningless. It simply *is* not." And the music and the movement filled the air with life which, being there, must continue always, and continuing always can have never had a beginning. Death, therefore, was the great revealer of life. Without it none could realise that they are alive. Others had discovered this before her, but she did not know it. In the desert no one can stand still in thought and realise death: it is hope and life that are the only certainty. The entire conception of the Egyptian system was based on this—the conviction, sure and glorious, of life's endless continuation. Their tombs and temples, their pyramids and sphinxes surviving after thousands of years, defy the passage of time and laugh at death; the very bodies of their priests and kings, of their animals even, their fish, their insects, stand to-day as symbols of their stalwart knowledge. And this girl, as she listened to the music and watched the inspired dancing, remembered it. The message poured into her from many sides, though the desert brought it clearest. With death peering into her face a few short weeks ahead, she thought, instead of—life. The desert, as it were, became for her a little fragment of eternity, focussed into an intelligible point for her mind to rest upon with comfort and comprehension. Her steady, thoughtful nature stirred towards an objective far beyond the small enclosure of one narrow lifetime. She looked over the wall. The scale of the desert stretched her to the grandeur of its own imperial meaning, its simple grandeur, its divine repose, its unassailable and everlasting majesty.

Eternity! That which is endless; without pause, without beginning, without divisions or boundaries. The fluttering of her brave yet frightened spirit ceased, aware with awe of its own everlastingness. The swiftest motion produces the effect of immobility; excessive light is darkness; size, run loose into enormity, is the same as the utterly tiny. Similarly, in the desert, life, too overwhelming and terrific to know limit or confinement, lies undetailed and stupendous, still as deity, a revelation of nothingness because it is all. Turned golden beneath its spell that the music and the rhythm made even more comprehensible, the soul in her, already lying beneath the shadow of the great black wings, sank into rest and peace, too certain of itself to fear. And panic fled away. "I am immortal . . . because I am."

Yet in reality, though the big desert brought this, it was Love, which, being of similar parentage, interpreted its vast meaning to her little heart—that sudden love which, without a word of preface or explanation, had come to her a short three weeks before. She went up to her room soon after midnight. The lights had been turned up. The clamour of praise was loud round the figure

of the weary dancer as she left in her carriage for the dahabiyeh on the Nile. A low wind whistled round the walls of the hotel, chill between the pillars of the colonnades, while she leaned from her upper window above the terraces into the night. She heard the voices float up to her—then, but for the playing wind, silence again, utter silence, the silence of the desert.

And these two, Paul Rivers and the girl, between them merely a floor of that stone that built the Pyramids, sat at their windows

for hours before sleep took them. And, while they slept, two shadowy forms hovered above the roof of the great hotel, melting presently into one, as dreams stole down from the desert and the stars. Immortality whispered to them in their sleep. On either side rose Life and Death, towering in splendour. Love, joining their spreading wings, fused their gigantic outlines into one. They grew smaller. They entered the little windows. Above the beds they watched. They waited . . .

## BURHEL AND RED BEAR IN THE HIMALAYA.

**A**WAY up in the north-east of India lies the British district of Garhwal, a land of lofty peaks, great glaciers and rugged ravines, the habitat of the burhel, or blue sheep, and red bear. The dominant note of this province is the Himalaya Range, or "Abode of Snow," as the natives picturesquely term it, that stupendous natural barrier between Tibet and Hindustan. Garhwal contains within its

limits some twenty peaks exceeding a height of 20,000ft.,



TYPICAL BURHEL GROUND IN THE HIMALAYA.

including Nanda Devi (25,660ft.), Trisul (23,409ft.), and many others of almost equal magnitude. Apart from the people who inhabit these mountain fastnesses, the chief object of interest attaching to the region in question is the shikar there found, of which the burhel (*Ovis nahura*) and the red bear (*Ursus isabellinus*) are the most prominent.

The burhel, or blue sheep, may be considered as a link between the sheep and the goat, inasmuch as it possesses



A HIMALAYAN GLACIER: THE CREVASSES ARE MANY HUNDREDS OF FEET IN DEPTH.





RED BEAR SHOT WHILE MAULING THE SHIKARI.

the type of horn peculiar to the sheep, while its habitat is ground favoured by the goat family, more particularly dangerous precipices and the rock-bound corries which form so prominent a feature of the higher ground in the Himalayas. The burhel is remarkable for its climbing abilities, and in this respect it probably has no equal in the world, being able to negotiate ground on which no living thing could apparently maintain a footing. In colour it is bluish grey on the upper portions of the body, with white below, the hair being brittle and closely set, which enables the animal to withstand the rigours of the Himalayan climate. The burhel is seldom found below an altitude of 12,000ft., and more frequently at elevations of 17,000ft. and over. The herds vary in number from fifteen or twenty to upwards of fifty, and they prefer broken ground in the vicinity of high and inaccessible rocks to which they can betake themselves on the approach of danger. The burhel is one of the hardest animals to locate on the mountain side, as its colour assimilates so well to the surrounding rocks and shale that it is frequently overlooked by the hunter, even when using binoculars.

It was early in July when we camped in a wild and rugged side ravine, an offshoot of the main valley, camp being pitched on a rich grass sward hard by the water's edge, while above us stretched the dark moraine, and then the

snow-capped peaks of the Himalayas. Amid this prospect of surpassing grandeur the burhel has his home, but seldom disturbed by the crack of the hunter's rifle. During the day of our arrival in this picturesque spot we had seen burhel high up on the slopes within a mile of camp, which augured good prospects for the morrow. We started the next morning before dawn, heading up the ravine and on to the ridge, which we followed in the hope of getting above the burhel and working down against the wind, thus obviating the chance of their scenting us. It was a long and extremely hard climb, and near the snow-line became much more so from the huge nature of the rocks and boulders. But luck was in, for, arrived at the top, we sighted a herd of burhel out on an open patch, bare and alarmingly precipitous, which descended in a single sweep full 2,000ft. to the river bed below. The binoculars showed one of the heads to be particularly fine, with that graceful backward and outward

sweep characteristic of the burhel. Once out on the slope on which the herd was feeding we became more or less exposed, while the rattle of loose shale might easily cause the quarry to seek safety in precipitate flight. By crawling along and taking advantage of slight folds in the terrain we finally reached a point from which any further advance was out of the question, for, by just rising above a lying posture one could see the burhel



THE SHIKARIS WATCHING BURHEL.

some 200yds. off. Evidently something had alarmed them, for they stood in a bunch gazing intently in our direction, so singling out the big head the rifle was quietly pushed forward, and a shot behind the shoulder sent him rolling and bumping down the slope, while the rest of the herd betook themselves off in headlong flight. Far down the mountain side we found the fallen monarch, some rocks and boulders having arrested his descent. The tape gave the horns at 28in.—a really fine head and a most happy opening day.

We spent some time in and around this camp getting another good head to add to the bag. Camp was then moved to a nullah further to the north-west in the direction of the Niti La, one of the passes connecting India with Tibet, at

with it often a life and death struggle. From the ground in the vicinity of the new camp signs were evident of red bear, and a day or two after arrival, when working along a bare rocky valley, one was sighted grazing on the eastern slopes and just above the forest level. The wind was right and the bear in a favourable position for a stalk, so we started off in hot pursuit. We were able to creep up within 200yds. and, from the cover of some rocks, had a preliminary gaze at him. He was a fine-looking beast with a coat that looked rich and full in the morning sun. It was a longish shot, but further approach was impossible, so, pushing the rifle forward, I covered him behind the shoulder and let drive. He gave a jump and then made off down into the forest, whither we followed hard on his trail. It was comparatively easy to track him, since the ground and sundry leaves and bushes bore a tell-tale mark of blood which showed the shot had told. Further on we caught sight of him disappearing into a cavern among some rocks, and so a halt was called the while we discussed ways and means of bringing the quarry to bay. Finally it was decided that Bruin should be evicted from the cave—a proceeding not unlikely to be productive of much exciting incident, as proved to be the case. The cave was fairly large and low roofed, and we entered it cautiously and then paused to get accustomed to the half light and penetrate the prevailing gloom. Suddenly there is a rustle in the far corner and instinctively one's rifle is at the ready; and so we await developments. Turning silently to the shikari at my side I motioned him back, and slowly we retreated to near the entrance to the cavern,

where the gloom was less profound and one could, to a certain extent, see what was going on. Then a mighty rush ensued as a great reddish mass rose into the air and bore down on us with much ominous growling. A shot at the charging Bruin failed to arrest his career, and in the scuffle which followed, the shikari was borne to the ground by the enraged animal. It is at such a moment as this that he who hesitates is lost. In an instant the rifle is pushed into the brute's side and again the cavern reverberates with the report—this time a shot that tells. Slowly the beast relaxed its grasp and then with a shiver rolled on to its side and all was over. The shikari had been badly mauled, but prompt application of antiseptic remedies and careful attention brought him through, and he survives to tell the tale of his encounter with a wounded Bruin, than whom there is no more formidable foe. It was a fine specimen, the coat being in excellent condition, while, as will be seen from the photograph, in size it was one of the largest red bears

ever shot in the Himalayas, measuring just under 7ft. in length.

P. T. ETHERTON.



A CARAVAN OF GOATS CROSSING THE HIMALAYAS.

*They carry borax from Tibet to India and return with salt.*

an altitude of 17,400ft. Wild sheep of the *Ovis ammon* variety are said to be found in one or two nullahs near the Niti, and though, as far as one can ascertain, their identity still lacks determination, they are probably some herds



BURHEL—28 INCHES.

which have come over from the Tibetan side of the Himalayas.

The red bear (*Ursus isabellinus*) is found in the valleys and along the higher ground of the Himalayas and the ranges contiguous thereto. Its habits approximate to those of the black bear, with the exception that it is met with only at high altitudes. The fur is of a reddish colour, and in the autumn, when the bears are in good condition, the skins form fine trophies. All the bear tribe possess wonderful powers of scent and are able to detect the presence of danger at considerable distances. It is on this power of scent that they mainly depend, since their eyesight is very poor and they are unable to see objects unless within close range. The food of the red bear comprises roots and scrub, such as are found at lofty altitudes, its fore and hind paws being admirably adapted for digging, the claws being some 4in. in length and the forearms powerfully developed.

A bear, when brought to bay, is an extremely dangerous antagonist, its size and formidable claws rendering a tussle

## IN THE GARDEN.

AN INDIAN GARDEN BOOK.

Gardens of the Great Mughals, by C. M. Villiers-Stuart. (Adam and Charles Black. London, 1913.)

MRS. VILLIERS-STUART'S selection of the subject of this book was an impulse of downright genius, and her thoroughness in the treatment of it, both text and illustrations, in response to her happy inspiration, at once commands the attention and admiration of her readers, and will, it is safe to prophesy, secure her an abiding place among those who, from the days of Sir William Jones, and James Fergusson, and Max Müller, have devoted themselves to the beneficent work of reviving among the people of India a due appreciation of their own literature and arts and



religion. None of the authorities on Indian architecture, from Ramraz, who is known to me only by his designs, to James Fergusson, dwells on the intimate interrelations to be observed in India, more particularly in Hindustan, as distinguished from the Deccan (*i.e.*, "Southern" India), between a house and the garden wherein it stands; of which such emphatic and splendid examples are to be found in the garden palaces of the great Mo(n)gols or Emperors of Delhi, so graphically and accurately described and portrayed by Mrs. Villiers-Stuart. There is scarcely a trace of their association, in any truly architectonic sense, in the West outside the limits of Classical Europe. Cowper writes: "Who loves a garden loves a greenhouse too"; but he is thinking not of the "house," but of the "green" things in it; while in his equally well-known line: "God made the country, and man made the town," suggested by Cowley's "God the first garden made, and the first city Cain," seems to imply an absolute antithesis, in the minds of both these ultra-Western and insular-European poets, between architecture and horticulture. The connection between them begins to be traceable in the literature of the Greeks and Romans, but without any indication of the idea of it having originated among either of them; and it is only when we pass into the northern solstitial zone of our globe, in Central Asia, that we find any actual traces, not merely of the interjacency, but the absolute structural interdependence between the garden and its contained house; we are ourselves in unreserved agreement with Mrs. Villiers-Stuart, that the conception and pattern of this symphysis, as perfected in Hindustan, in the garden-palaces of the great Mo(u)gols of Delhi, originated in their native land of Turkestan; where the first condition of life in plant and beast and man is, as in every other country of similar physiography, the presence of far scattered and strictly "guarded" "fountains of living waters." Such poetical phrases as "a

trees being planted beside the conduit head, after which the *pradakshina* [literally right hand going] is performed, the garden being perambulated by its planters. This marriage of the fruit trees is a favourite 'motive' with the Hindu craftsmen, and the well known perforated stone windows in the mosque of Sidi Sayyid at Ahmedabad are among the most exquisite examples of its use." Pliny, XIX., 19 (4) also informs us that a religious character is attached to gardens; and that in Plautus we find they were under the special tutelage of



ACHEBAL—THE WATERFALL.

garden enclosed" and "a garden uncircumwalled" are, in fact, tautological. The preciousness of water is one of the explanations of the religious service with which all gardens in India are laid out and "opened" by the Hindus, of which Mrs. Villiers-Stuart writes: "Back to such simple pieties we are led by the Hindu custom prescribing the laying out of a garden, 'the purest of human pleasures,' as a religious function, of which the distinctive rite is the formal marriage of the fruit trees with the garden well, two of the finest young

THE EMPRESS MUNITAZ MAHAL'S PAVILION  
SHALEMAL, KASHMIR.

Venus—the tutelary of the month of April, the month in which the Earth "opens" to its "opening flowers." The sanctity attaching to gardens in the East is also referred to by Moses in Leviticus, xix, 23-25: "And when ye . . . shall have planted all manner of trees for food . . . three years shall it be as uncircumcised unto you: it shall not be eaten of. But in the fourth year all the fruit thereof shall be wholly to praise the Lord withal. And in the fifth year ye shall eat of the fruit thereof:"—the practical purpose of this, in a hot and arid country, being to secure the long life of the trees. Our own practice of "beating the bounds" is probably a survival of some similar act of worship associated with landed property; going back to an antiquity when men, being nearer to Nature than we are—recognised more clearly the Divinity that lives and moves and has its interpenetrating being in all things. The exigencies of space prevent the quotation of Mrs. Villiers-Stuart's vivid descriptions of the old "Mughal Gardens" in their present more or less derelict condition, or of her repeated pleas for the revival of their art in "the lay-out" of the New Delhi, the English Delhi, to arise under the magic touch of Mr. Lutyens and Mr. Baker beside the Delhi of the Muslims and the Delhi of the Hindus; and I must content myself by simply saying that in their letter and their spirit they are beyond all praise; and that in her water-colour sketches of them she proves herself as perfect a master of her "pencil" as of her pen; and that this, her first volume as an authoress, is one of the most inspiring and enchanting books on India I have ever had under my hand as a reviewer. A word of praise must also be given to all concerned in the production of the volume, the printers, the binder and the publisher. The letterpress is most clear and clean, the "forwarding" neat and strong, and the design and colouring of the cover a model of refined harmony with itself and the text it encloses—I could almost say embalms.

GEORGE BIRDWOOD.





**T**HE Stowe of Celia Fiennes's description did not remain long unaltered. There was building again in Lord Cobham's time. Lord Percival (in 1724) says that the house "within these five years has gained the reputation of being the finest seat in England," but that may refer only to the new gardens which he goes on to describe. Vanbrugh's name has been mentioned as Lord Cobham's architect doubtless because he

was a friend and familiar, and had designed more than one of the garden buildings; but on the other hand, Lord Cobham's inscription on the memorial pyramid only mentions him as the designer of garden buildings, and Lord Peterborough's exclamation that "Immensity and Vanbrugh appear in the whole and in every part of Stowe" relates to the gardens alone. There is none of Vanbrugh's hand-writing, either in the house to-day, or in the views

in Rigaud and Baron's engravings (1730) which show a house with pavilions connected to the main block by screen walls. In these the main block has two stories and a basement, and a pedimented portico on each front; on the north front the balustraded screen walls, which are ornamented with pilasters and niches, are partly masked by lower ball-topped walls, curving forward like the corridors of the present day. This north front is attributed by Lipscomb to Kent, and as Kent painted the hall-ceiling on this side of the house and was so busy in the garden, this seems at first sight a very likely attribution, but against it Horace Walpole never mentions Kent in connection with Stowe, which he knew so well (an



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IN THE SMALL DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



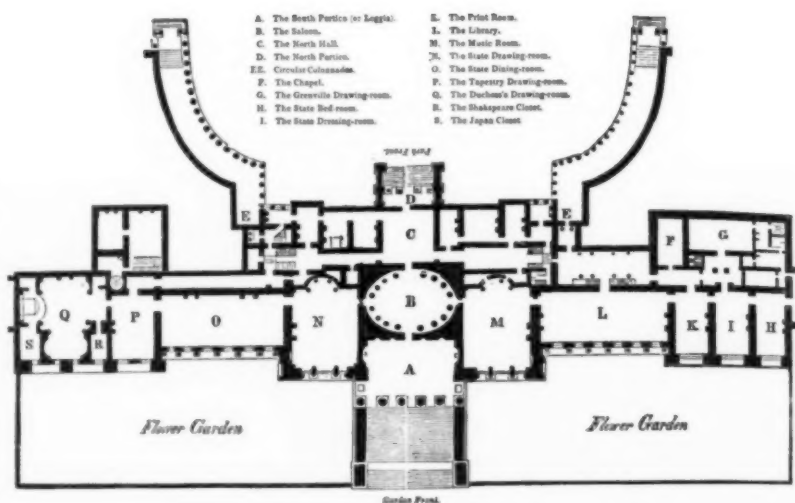
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THE ENTRANCE HALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

inexplicable omission, if Kent had been its author). This front, however, if we mentally subtract such changes as the building of the attic storey and the balustrade after 1773, has the outline used by Kent at Holkham and the Horse Guards, a centre block with towers at the corners. The early guides have nothing to say of the architect; Bickham's, for example (in 1746), merely mentions that the house is "a handsome modern structure, the Inside not yet finished."

If Lord Cobham's north front has been added to, the south has been much more materially changed by his nephew, for Lord Temple's almost unlimited money allowed him to build and rebuild. The guide of 1750, however, shows that a rebuilding of the garden front was already in progress; corridors take the place of screen walls, dwarfing by their height the pavilions. By 1763, as we see by "Seeley's Guide," an attic was added to the latter, bringing these roofs level with the balustrade of the corridors. At this date the main block had been also modified by a large Ionic portico instead of its two-storied predecessor; and the approach to it is from the sides by balustraded steps broken into several short flights, which, we are told, was Borra's design. Borra, sometime architect to the King of Sardinia, is an unfamiliar name in England, and we do not know if he designed the alterations of this patchwork front as well as the steps; but Lord Temple a little later on entirely changed this front. The present front appears in the guide of 1773, and Mrs.



PLAN OF PRINCIPAL FLOOR.

Lybbe Powys, seeing Stowe and Buckingham in 1775, found it "entirely altering," with scaffolding all round the house. The actual date is fixed by a dated panel (1775) in the east pavilion and by a drawing in the Soane Museum with the inscription: "This front was begun by Earl Temple in the year 1771 and finished in the year 17 . . ." About this time Lord Verney was adding a zest to life by his political rivalry with the Grenvilles, and had lost in 1784 the famous contest between himself, Thomas Grenville and Sir John Aubrey, owing to the zeal of a supporter who voted after the poll was supposed to be closed, and so kept it open for an hour more, which enabled the other side to bring up their men. He also wished his Claydon to rival Stowe, and pulled down a wing of the old house soon after he succeeded his father in the autumn of 1752. As the Claydon decorations were not complete at the time of Lord Verney's bankruptcy in 1791, alterations on the two houses went on side by side, sharpened by mutual rivalry. Adam is said to have designed the new work at Claydon, though no documentary evidence of this survives, but at Stowe we are assured no professional architect was employed, and that it was the composition of the owner and Lord Camelford, a cousin of Pitt's and an amateur of the arts. Lord Temple seems to have had his own ideas, for there are at Stowe both sketches in his own hand, and emendations upon the architects', for he employed several, it seems. During the progress of the works, he wished the south portico to be open at the sides as well as in front. He also wrote to the architect to know whether "there would be any material difficulty in taking down the two remaining walls of the house, and bringing it forward half the width of the portico, lengthening the music-room, drawing-room and portico screen," and with these modifications he completed this front, as it stands to-day, before 1780. The approach to the old two-storied portico had been from the sides, the steps being in two



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THE CHAPEL GALLERY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



flights, returning parallel with the front, but Lord Temple put in their place the wide, single flight of thirty-one steps ("as high as St. Paul's," as Walpole has it). Down this he made no figure in creeping, bent double with gout, on Princess Amelia's visit, and at the bottom are two stone lions, after those in the Villa Medici at Rome. Within the Corinthian portico there are bas-reliefs of a sacrifice to Bacchus, and niches for statuary.

direction to the idea of the two amateurs, though perhaps owing to the dividing up of the work at Stowe among several architects, his name is not mentioned as wholly or partially the designer of the south front. Among the drawings of Sir John Soane in the Soane Museum are sketches showing that he altered or built a small building which is at the back of one of the wings for Lord Buckingham early in the nineteenth century, thus closing the long architec-



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REREDOS IN CHAPEL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

On the pediment was to be set a triumphal car with the statue of William III., the idol of the Whigs, but this never came to Stowe.

Lord Temple and Lord Camelford, if they designed this front, had thoroughly assimilated Adam's ideas, for it is certainly in his manner, while there is in the Soane Museum a finished sketch by the firm which is, though with variants in the design of the large windows, the front as it stands to-day. Adam was no doubt called in to give

tural history of the house. Stowe seems to have been always scaffolded, and waiting for the final touches within doors, until the late years of the eighteenth century, under the Marquess of Buckingham. Lord Temple's south front and the saloon he planned necessarily changed the plan of the central block and the two lengthened southern rooms, the music-room and the State drawing-room; so that the chapel in the east pavilion and the north hall only are as Lord Cobham left them. The coved ceiling is Kent's, simulating



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TAPESTRY: THE SIEGE OF LILLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in paint the Roman mosaics, and preferred by many of his contemporaries to the hot colour of his usual method. These greyish arabesques upon a gold ground on the cove surround medallions of the planets, and on the ceiling Lord Cobham is presented with a sword by William III. in the guise of Mars, though all likeness of the King is lost in the allegorising process, for William's figure was not that of Mars.

Before the saloon was built into which the hall now leads, its place was taken, as we see by "Seeley's Guide" of 1763 by an oblong stucco gallery, opening into a dining-room and drawing-room (the present music-room and State

room must have been immense, with its tall scagliola columns, imitating Sicilian jasper, with white marble bases and capitals, and its processional bas-relief of a Roman triumph and sacrifice by Valdré above the rich cornice. Was it in rivalry of the Claydon rotunda, that cube of fifty feet with its circle of columns of artificial jasper with white marble bases and capitals that Lady Fermanagh destroyed in 1791, or did the saloon at Stowe lead the last Lord Verney into this identical extravagance? It is impossible to tell, and Stowe is the only survivor. On each side of the saloon the great State rooms are ranged, their doors in

drawing-room). The saloon was projected in Lord Temple's day. Mrs. Lybbe Powys saw it not even covered-in four years before his death, but its finishing was Lord Buckingham's, and the arms of both appropriately appear at each end of the enriched dome. The expense of this fine elliptical



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STOWE: THE MUSIC ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

direct line. To the east is the music-room, which, as Seeley explains, is two small rooms thrown into one. Here Valdré, who modelled the Roman triumph in the saloon, shows himself in another light, for the painted arabesques on wall and ceiling are in the lightest manner of the Italian Renaissance. The central panel of the ceiling

room where the work on the gold ground of the pilasters is delicate in the extreme. The colouring of these fantasies is soft, and varied on the panelled doors with minute monochrome designs designed in the same style.

The Marquess of Buckingham did not touch the rooms in the western pavilion, and the long and fine State gallery



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THE MARBLE SALOON.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

has the dance of the Hours and Seasons round the Sun, the delicate and minute stucco work of the ceiling is gilt. The wall panels are painted with the "greatest neatness," says Britton, and the fantastic gaiety of the arabesques on the white walls is remarkable for its delicate finish especially in the musicians' recess at the northern end of the

or dining-room. Here the chimney-pieces were complete by 1763; and the ceiling by Joseph Slater, who also painted the panels on the grand staircase and who carries on the style of Kent's Roman mosaic ceiling in the north hall, but the brownish monochrome medallions on the ceiling and over the doors are distinctly not in Kent's vague manner.



On the long walls are hung Brussels tapestries made for Lord Cobham by Leynier, to whom he sent the directions and measurements for the pieces, and his arms are woven into the fabric. More Brussels tapestries, this time representing the campaign in Flanders, are hung in the small adjoining room, where Lord Cobham's portrait still looks from the chimney-piece upon the triumphs of the Allies at the Siege of Lille, and the Battle of Wynendael. The rooms of Stowe have often changed their names and uses, and the westernmost

than seventy-five thousand pounds. People came for miles to this immense and dramatic dispersal, and even camped, it is said, in the gardens. The catalogue is filled with busts, bronzes, marble tables from Italy, inlaid chests, silver furniture, china and old lacquer that were part of the great collection of successive generations of collectors, but it cannot be said that the place was dismantled, though impoverished, for so much remained behind, like Lord Cobham tapestries, or was bought back, like Signor Borra's State bed.

J.



STOWE: THE STATE BEDROOM.

room in this wing, formerly the State bedroom, is a drawing-room. In Lord Cobham's time Frederick Prince of Wales slept there in 1737, and the Japanese lacquer linings and fittings of the small jewel-closet that opens out of the room were his present to his host on this visit. Another memorial of his visit is the gilt bed which once stood here, but is now in the State bedroom in the east wing. The bed, which has a domed tester and scrolls at the angles, and bedposts of ribboned fasces, was designed by the architect Borra for the occasion; later the embroidered Chandos arms were added to it from another bed, and though sold at the great 1848 sale, it is still at Stowe. In the east wing is also the cedar wainscoted chapel built by Lord Cobham, the wood of which was taken from a Spanish prize ship, which was brought into Padstow in Cornwall. Here it was bought by John Grenville, Earl of Bath, who was building magnificently at the Cornish Stow near Kilhampton in 1680. The house he built was destroyed in 1720, and the materials sold, and it has been said that almost every Cornish gentleman's seat improved itself with the spoils of Stow. By a curious coincidence the cedar wainscoting of Lord Bath's chapel at Stow was bought by Lord Cobham for its Buckinghamshire namesake. The pulpit is dated 1707, which may be the date for the work, which is, in its carved enrichments, of the school of Grinling Gibbons; actually a certain Michael Clarke, "an artist little inferior to Gibbons," is credited with it.

Stowe is not empty of objects of art to-day, and it is difficult to realise its appearance before the great sale in the second Duke's time, which was the sale of the century and lasted forty days, realising more

## THE RUSSIAN NOVEL.

IT is somewhat astonishing to what extent we in Great Britain have progressed in the understanding of Russian literature during the past seven years. In 1907 it was not possible to obtain a copy of any novel of Dostoevsky at the booksellers'; the reading of Turgenev was confined to a select few who felt they knew; Chekhov was unknown; Gogol was so unfamiliar that to mention his name was to evoke incredulity and mirth. How far we were behind the French and the Germans who held in their libraries as living books everything of wonder that nineteenth century Russia had produced! But to-day this country has become so far *Continentalised* that we have not only caught up France and Germany, but have actually become nearer to Russia than they. The young men and women of to-day are stocking their minds from Russian books, and their souls are drawing spiritual sustenance from the breasts of Mother Russia; they are nourishing themselves direct from her bosom. It is therefore rather late in the day that the one-time-considered masterpiece of the French Count E. M. de Vogüé on "The Russian Novel" should make its appearance in the English language. It is twenty-seven years since it was published in France. Seven years ago it would have been a timely production in this country; but to-day we have already been introduced to Russia, and on reading these somewhat faded pages you realise how much more intimate our introduction has been. Probably no Frenchman could really show the British what they want; our temperaments do not naturally serve one another. The taste for reading Russian literature began to make noticeable progress when the Russo-Japanese War and the Revolutionary outburst were causing the attention of the world to be directed to the Slavonic people. Perhaps more than any other writer Maxim Gorky introduced us to Russia. His novels were translated almost as soon as they were written, and we had them before we had even heard of his great predecessors. Gorky himself was evidently a genius. If he be judged by his first works, "Tchekash," "Three Men" and "Foma Gordyef," he takes his stand with Dostoevsky and Tolstoy, a greater man, if not cleverer, than either Gogol or Chekhov.

Gorky's work had a great literary success in England, but also a real success. His work got into public libraries, it got into paper-covered cheap editions. The people read him; they were horrified a little; they locked the novels away from daughters or wives and, perhaps, even tried to forget that they had read them themselves, but the impression was indelible. The drawbacks to Gorky were his ugly episodes, his intimate descriptions of the lives of the utterly disreputable, his familiarity with immorality, but they could not stop his progress in the popular mind; for his novels were full of life and dynamic ideas. Through Gorky, Russia herself attracted.

One went to the circulating library and sought other Russian books, read Turgenev's "Virgin Soil" and "Smoke" and "Fathers and Sons," discovered the astonishing hack-translations which Vizetelly published of Dostoevsky's novels. Thousands of Englishmen must remember their discovery of "The Crime and the Punishment," that most powerful book that takes possession of the reader and for the time being demolishes his own personal life-interests and makes him live weeks of delirium with the student Raskolnikov, the murderer who finds out what he is through love and by suffering. The discovery of these Russian masterpieces one by one are memorable events. I remember the day on which I first read "Dead Souls," and how my features ached with laughing, and how I went straight away and bought all the works of Gogol in the original on the strength of this "Don Quixote of Russia." Gogol has not had his great day in England yet, but surely will soon.

Chekhov has begun to make his way, and though the first volume of tales "The Black Monk," translated by R. E. C. Long, has proved a comparative failure, the publisher was short-sighted to sell off the "remainder" of the edition as waste stock. There must be considerable demand to-day for copies of that most interesting book. It is difficult to imagine that any one who bought the volume for himself would easily part with it.

Tolstoy, of course, has always been popular, and Turgenev has been increasingly enjoyed. Mrs. Garnet, after translating the works of these masters, took up the work of Dostoevsky, and in 1912 brought forth the long-needed translation of "The Brothers Karamazov," a book which has been laid straight to the roots of contemporary English literature. The *Everyman* Library reprinted "The Crime and the Punishment." Mrs. Garnet brought out "The Idiot." The *Everyman* Library promised a shilling edition of the old translation. Evidently there were commercial advantages in bringing out translations of these extraordinary books, not only for the few who knew, but for the hundred thousand. The Russian novel has found its way to the people of this country.

De Vogüé treats the various Russian works in a critical spirit, and evidently has no debt of intellectual gratitude to pay to the Russians. They have interested him, diverted him, called forth his sense of form and art, but have not wrung his heart, have not touched him, have not given him anything. So his book is not really worth much to us now. It may have interest for those who have as yet read nothing Russian or for historical

students of literary currents, but not for others. Much better work has been done by J. A. T. Lloyd and Maurice Baring, to mention only two essayists on Russian literature during the last five years. Some time six or seven years ahead it may be possible to form some idea of the extent to which we as a nation are now under the influence of Russia. To-day we are drawing from Russia and not drawing from France or Germany, not even drawing from America except commercial devices and music-hall pleasures. Were it not for the Russian novel, the Russian opera and such beautiful things that Russia is able to give us to-day, we should, no doubt, nurse that idea of Russia which it is the concern of revolutionary exiles to give us. As it is we are able to look at the problems of Russia with our own eyes, bringing to the consideration all our own accumulated experience as a nation, and we are free-minded and charitable towards her, able to help her rationally, able to co-operate with her, able to be helped by her. Russia, with all her tyranny, her seeming injustice or foolishness, is yet a whole, a living flourishing nation, and not simply a disintegrated, internally rotten collection of interests and peoples. She is strong enough to give us strength.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

## FALCONRY: THE "YOUNG MAN'S FALCON."

VERY interesting, from certain points of view, both to falconers and naturalists, is the hobby, which, after becoming exceedingly rare in England half a century ago, has since regained ground, and in certain districts may not infrequently be seen on the wing. One of the reasons why this beautiful and harmless creature has escaped extermination by the efforts of keepers and egg-collectors is that it usually builds its nest on one of the topmost branches of very tall trees, which will seldom bear the weight of a grown man without breaking itself first and afterwards probably the neck of the would-be plunderer. As for the old birds, they are accustomed to spend a great deal of their time soaring about at immense altitudes, and when not thus engaged sit very quiet in the recesses of some lonesome wood or forest, where the keenest eye of the prowling gunner can hardly ever espy them. It is very seldom that a wild hobby is to be seen chasing any bird, and the reason for this is generally supposed to be that they find their living with great ease by reason of their exceptionally fine powers of wing, which enables them to pick up a small bird without any delay or difficulty whenever they have occasion for one to feed either themselves or their young. Whether this theory is correct, or whether the flying capabilities of the species have been over-rated, is a moot question among modern falconers. But undoubtedly naturalists as well as casual unskilled observers will have little hesitation in declaring that the hobby, considering his size, must be as fast as any falcon that flies, and probably faster. A glance at the third and fourth illustrations, in which a male hobby of this year is seen standing hooded on a falconer's outstretched fist and on the block, will show in the first place that, although the shoulder is placed very high, the tips of the wings come down even below the end of the tail. Such a formation is hardly ever seen except in birds which fly at very high speed. But in this case the breadth of the wings is also very remarkable, as may be seen in the first illustration, where the little hawk, excitedly tearing and pulling at his food, has expanded them in a way which is common enough among all birds of prey when they are feeding greedily in the presence of any strange persons. Perhaps a still better idea of the length and breadth of the wings can be formed from the last illustration, where the hawk is seen stretching out his left wing almost to its full extent when his balance has been rather upset by a movement of the hand on which he stands. The feathers of the wing and tail are also more stiff and strong and flat than those of the kestrel, which, in

size and shape, more nearly resembles the hobby than any other hawk. The following measurements, taken from unquestionable authorities, will best illustrate the points of similarity and difference: Female kestrel—length about



TEARING AND PULLING AT HIS FOOD.

13in.; hobby, about 13½in. But length of wing—kestrel, 9in.; hobby, 11½in. Male kestrel—length, about 12in.; hobby, about 11½in. But length of wing—kestrel, 8½in.; hobby, 10½in. The tail, however, of the hobby is about an inch shorter than that of the kestrel.

A cloud of mystery hangs over the reputation of the hobby, regarded as a performer in the field. If we are to believe the testimony of the old writers on falconry, who undoubtedly knew much more about the art than we do, this small bird not only knew how to fly, but was also as



keen after his quarry as any of the larger falcons. He was assigned in the order of precedence as the variety specially suitable to be carried by the "young man," and was considered particularly qualified for the flight at skylarks, which require for their capture a high degree of speed and perseverance, and at which no real success can be achieved unless the hawk to be flown is highly bred and kept in first-rate health and condition. For this quarry, which constantly mounts into the sky until he is lost to human sight, taxes the endurance of the most determined and long-winded hawk, and even when he is surpassed in mounting, must be driven, by repeated vigorous and well-aimed stoops, to descend time after time lower in the air, until at last he is either captured on the wing or compelled to seek shelter in some thicket or hiding-place where he can be seized either by hawk or man. The larks in those days lived so much in dread of this formidable foe that it was a favourite practice to make a

hobby wait on over a field or down in which it was known that larks abounded, and to go round while the hawk was still in the air above and pick up the larks with the hand.

The modern lark has no such fears; and you may keep your trained hobby waiting on as long as you like, but without being able to get your hand within a yard of any bird on the ground below. The fact seems to be that the art of training this particular hawk is lost. Strenuous efforts have been made by a succession of falconers of our own times to utilise a hawk which was so highly esteemed by our ancestors, but without any real success. The series may be said to have commenced with the late Lord Lilford; and it was carried on by

STANDING AT EASE ON THE BLOCK.

several well known amateurs who are still living, as well as by Mr. A. Newall, whose recent death is so greatly deplored by all the confraternity. The subjects experimented upon were, it is true, almost all eyesses; and it is possible that if a haggard had been tried the result would have been better. But, as it was, most of the hawks refused even to make a pretence of chasing a lark or any other wild quarry. Those that did start a pursuit put on no pace, and manifested little, if any, desire to catch the quarry. No one, it appears, within the last century in England has taken even one lark with a hobby.

Useless though he has thus proved to be in the field, the hobby as a show hawk cannot be seen on the wing without wonder and admiration. When thrown off from the fist he will usually fly away in a bee-line to a very considerable distance, and then turn and begin to mount. He will wait on, often at a portentous height, for almost an

indefinite time, and keep stooping at a soft lure waved about in the air with extraordinary vigour and grace. He can be manned and made to the lure in four or five days, and is much more easy to hood than a merlin. The head is larger and the neck shorter; and the extreme vivacity and quickness of movement which make the hooding of the merlin so difficult is seldom or never found in the hobby. Thus it is not at all surprising that he should, when it was comparatively easy to catch him, or at least to procure him when caught, in the adult stage,

have been considered the most suitable hawk upon which a beginner should try his 'prentice hand. That he has vices no one will deny; and not the least of these is an obstinate disposition to make off with anything that he thinks he can carry away. In this abominable habit he often far surpasses



THE HAWK WITH THE LONG WINGS.



A RATHER "HUNCHED UP" APPEARANCE.

the merlin; and thus the "young man," in reclaiming and flying his first hawk, was early initiated into the mysteries of breaking him of that tiresome fault. Fortunately, if his owner should be unable with his best efforts to entirely eradicate the vice, the consequences are seldom so serious as they are likely to be in the case of other hawks. For so strong is the conviction of the trained eyas hobby that man is his best friend and ally, that when left out on a quarry killed or carried out of sight, or in consequence of a wayward refusal to come to the lure, he will generally betake himself to the place where he was hacked, if it is near, or to the place where he has usually been weathered, and may there be found on the following morning. Even haggards are most unlikely, for the first day or two of recovered liberty, to move far from the place where they were last seen by their owner or trainer. Thus, less anxiety may be felt by the latter when he has failed to bring home his hobby; and in many cases the little hawks may be deliberately left out for hours, and called down when they are hungry enough to come readily to the lure.

The markings of this little hawk, both in the immature and the adult plumage, are very strong and conspicuous. The feathers of the head and back are so dark that when on the wing he looks a good deal bigger than he really is. When standing on his block unhooded the contrast between the intense black of the moustache and eyebrows and the creamy white on the throat and breast, as well as the bright orange of the legs and feet, are always more sure to attract the attention of the casual passer-by than the less vivid colouring of the merlins and sparrow-hawks. It will be seen in the illustration that the blotchy streaks running down the breast are very broad and profuse and that they are arranged in very irregular lines rather pleasing to the eye. The breadth of the body is also great, as compared with its length, and this peculiarity together with the shortness of the legs often gives the hawk a rather "hunched-up" appearance. The stuffed specimens to be seen in museums seldom give a correct impression of this bird when alive. The trained male hobby here figured had rather exceptionally large and strong feet. But the feet are a decidedly weak point in this species, although not so remarkably so as in the red-legged variety, which is still less useful for the practical falconer's purposes.

Hobbies are hardy, and can be kept through the winter much more easily than merlins. They are also much less particular as to their food, and will thrive on comparatively coarse and tough viands. It is, however, not desirable to leave them long without exercise, or without anything to engage their attention, as they are quite apt to become dull, and even sulky, and to lose their appetite, which, if they are properly treated, will be remarkably good. The vivacity of a hobby in really good condition almost rivals that of the merlin; and they can be made as tame as kittens. There is every reason to believe that a modern hobby, if taken from the nest straight to some hack place near to a house, and well fed at the same hours twice every day,

might be kept "at hack" for months, or perhaps years, whereas a kestrel would, sooner or later, be sure to begin to find his own living and vanish. (ESALON.)

## AGRICULTURAL NOTES

### HILL FARMING IN THE NORTH IN 1913.

THE year 1913 has been a good one for the hill farmer on the Scottish border, so far as prices are concerned. Having all his eggs in one basket, the Highland farmer risks much when prices break; but when values are buoyant, on a high level, he is altogether in clover. The range of hill prices, within the limits of a single decade, is often extraordinary. The quantity of sheep and wool which in 1883 sold for 97s. 9d. brought only 60s. 3d. in 1885. In 1889 the value of the same produce was 92s. 5d., while in 1892 it yielded no more than 51s. 3d.; in 1899 it stood at 56s. 6d.; in 1906 it reached 99s. Fluctuations, therefore, are both frequent and violent, owing to the absence of any compensating balance. The mere mention of the prices of the various classes of stock and wool sold from a hill farm does not enable a very correct comparison to be made between one year and another; the only fair way of making comparison is to set the total receipts of one year against the total receipts

of other years. Actual figures are not obtainable for this purpose, for a hill farmer guards the secret of his profits and losses with a jealous eye. It is possible, however, to estimate the total receipts of a typical farm as well as the component parts of that total, and if all these component parts are represented in correct proportion in an index number, we can, by calculating



RECOVERING HIS BALANCE.

the values in any year of these index-number parts, obtain a basis for accurately comparing one year's farming results with those of another in terms of percentages. The following numbers, which refer to Cheviot sheep and wool, are worked out in this way, the year 1899 being taken as datum: 1899, 100.00; 1900, 121.16; 1901, 104.41; 1902, 112.66; 1903, 123.91; 1904, 140.66; 1905, 153.50; 1906, 175.25; 1907, 146.00; 1908, 113.25; 1909, 109.25; 1910, 138.91; 1911, 122.56; 1912, 150.88; and 1913, 164.60. The year 1906 was one of magnificent prices, and, as will be seen the year just closed, follows it closely as an excellent second. It is distinctly unwise to prophesy in the matter of store stock values, but present indications point to high prices again prevailing in 1914.

### THE LINE OF THE BORDER.

Although they are separated by the waters of the Tweed only, the Borderers on the one side of the river differ in several respects from those on the other. The Northumbrian is reserved and quiet in manner; the Scotsman shows more assertiveness, and has greater confidence in himself and his powers. There is a marked difference in the dialects. Between the two sides of the Border there is very little coming and going. This is probably partly due to the fact that the May term day falls on different dates, in Northumberland May 12th being the term and in Berwickshire the 28th. At the annual hirings, held at Berwick, there is no fraternising between the men from the



North and those from the South. The Scotsmen gather in High Street, just through the Scotsgate; the Northumbrians stand in Sandgate, as near to the old stone bridge over the river as the City Fathers will permit. A stranger would conclude that each party desired, above all else, to preserve his line of retreat. The outward differences, however, between the two peoples are not the most real. Under-currents are often

more powerful than those which show on the surface, and only those who have studied them for years know their ways. So is it with the attitude of the Border nationalities, the one to the other. A stranger might see little to distinguish between them in this respect, but the feeling of separateness is there—the old feeling which prevailed when each lifted from the other what he could and when he could.

J. C.

## SPANIELS AS GUNDOGS

THE spaniel is no *parvenu* in the world of sport; he has as long and honourable a record as any in the annals of the chase. In days before gunpowder and firearms were employed for any but military purposes, falconers were wont to give much time and trouble to the training of their spaniels,

then as the regular attendant of the gun. The earlier fowling-pieces were unwieldy engines; shooting birds on the wing was a feat but rarely attempted, the spaniel being relied on to drive the pheasant to perch in thick covert, where the sportsman was alone able to deal with him on even terms. As firearms improved in accuracy and diminished in bulk



A ROUGH SHOOT.

then always used with goshawks in hunting woodland. And thoroughly broken and well under command must these spaniels of long ago have been to play their part rightly in the nice combination of dogs, hawk and man that led to the undoing and capture of the scattered race of wild pheasants whose cocks were doubtless even more wild and wary than their descendants, in those days before hand rearing was known in the land.

In later times, when the use of sporting guns became more general and the practice of hawking fell into disuse, the spaniel still found profitable employment, first as partner in the somewhat inglorious practice of netting game, and

the art of shooting flying became more easy to master, and the spaniel found the place he has kept ever since as the "good general" servant of the gun, lacking, it is true, the special qualifications of pointers, setters and retrievers, but, at the same time, combining in his small compass enough of the peculiar functions of each to make him the most useful dog all round, being at once the finder, flusher and retriever of game.

Thus we find the spaniel figuring in all the quaint eighteenth century prints of shooting, engaged in exactly the same fashion as he appears in the clever sketches that illustrate these notes—hunting hedgerow and covert, or flushing duck from



IN THE REEDS.

the reed bed. Only it is difficult to understand why the earlier artists constantly represented their spaniels in the act of "running into shot," for such a breach of decorum can never have been countenanced; they must have erred either through ignorance or else deliberately—in the endeavour to impart an animated appearance to the scene.

In the heavy shooting of modern times, on the regular days of covert shooting and driving on moor and manor, the spaniel can never hope to compete on equal terms with the retriever, for, while he could probably do the work, he would certainly take much longer about it, and time is the most important consideration of all when each drive or rise forms part of a regular plan, the scope of which is only limited by the hours of daylight available. So when perhaps a hundred birds have to be lifted and only a few minutes can be spared for the purpose, no dog can compare with a fast and active retriever, who covers his ground at a pace unattainable by any spaniel, however keen and willing. Even here the spaniel can be very useful to supplement, though not to supplant, the work of the retriever, for while Ponto or Peter is gathering the birds from far and wide, busy little Bang is hunting all the ground close to the butts on a moor, or along the hedge under which the guns were standing at a partridge drive, with a pottering thoroughness that often results in the discovery of some unsuspected bird crouching wounded in the thickest of the hedge, or lying dead at the bottom of a narrow heather-grown drain. For this reason, and because he will go on poking about long after most ordinary retrievers would have had enough of it, the spaniel can be a most valuable help to the man who is left behind to "make good" after a drive.

Spaniels would be very useful in driving woods, flushing

many birds from such thick cover as rhododendron bushes and the like, that the beaters must always pass over, however close their line, but for two good reasons—either the spaniel is not broken, in which case he probably sends the pheasants forward all right, but soon passes beyond human control and may well spoil the whole manœuvre, or else he is what a spaniel should be, when it will be found that almost all the birds he flushes break back, since his endeavour is rightly to flush the game towards his handler, and not forwards.

While the spaniel has thus but a limited sphere of utility on the formal days of regularly organised shooting, he is an invaluable ally on all the smaller days of rougher sport. The gun who goes out shooting without an array



RETRIEVING.



of beaters to rely on would preferably take a spaniel or two and a retriever with him; but if one had to be sacrificed, it would be the retriever, who would be left at home. There may seem very little to shoot when casually walking over the ground, until it is hunted with a good spaniel, and then it is surprising to see how many odd corners will be found to hold a head of game.

Quite apart from the advantage to the bag, and the sport of actual shooting, there is real pleasure to be got in watching spaniels at work, in spending a day with such jolly little companions. When days of heavier bags have passed into the limbo of the forgotten, there still remain—at least to the writer of these notes—very pleasing memories of days spent rabbiting on some rough hillside, or hunting elusive cock pheasants along tangled hedgerows with a brace of well-broken Cockers, Clumbers or Springers to share the fun.

But in that qualifying "well broken" lies the crux of the whole matter. A spaniel to be of real service must have dash, a good nose and a soft mouth, but, above all things, he must be steady, for the half-broken, wild little beast who chases every rabbit that is shot at out of sight and flushes half his game before the panting gun can hurry within shot, is an insufferable nuisance. And it is to be feared that he is still only too common in the land, to judge by the samples one meets in the ordinary walks of shooting, though certainly the Spaniel Field Trials—rapidly advancing in general favour—are exercising a very wholesome influence for good.

Only yesterday the present writer was engaged in that amusing January occupation, pursuing, outwitting and, more often, being outwitted by a few score of wild cock



A CLUMBER.

pheasants. Admiring the methodical way in which a brace of Clumbers—excellent substitute on such a raid for half a dozen beaters—went about their work, quartering their ground so carefully, always busy, yet never out of hand, making every yard of covert good without ever ranging too widely, he asked their master whether he had had much difficulty in "making" them, or found them with any natural aptitude for their work.

"That bitch, Cora," he said, "gave me more trouble than any dog I've ever had to do with; for nearly three months I simply couldn't get her to hunt at all, though I tried her every way that I could think of. At last I really began to believe she would never come to it, when all at once she just took to her work as though she'd done nothing else all her life."

And this gives the keynote of the whole business: a few rare spaniels may start on the right lines from the first and want little more than just reasonable treatment, but the vast majority are made or marred simply by the amount of

patience their handler has at his command. Belief that the dog will come all right in the end the trainer must have, or he will never give that constant care and attention to detail that mean so much in dog-breaking.

For the rest, the chief difficulties in educating a spaniel lie in his natural inclination to push on when hunting instead of crossing backwards and forwards in front of the gun, in a tendency to be hard-mouthed, and in a certain light-hearted irresponsibility which, in private life, is one of his most attractive qualities, but does not tend to make the trainer's task any easier. But the result is well worth the pains; for the good spaniel is almost worth his weight in gold to his master.

AYMER MAXWELL.

## LITERATURE.

### A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

**A** LITTLE while ago we discoursed, or if that be a term too "high and sounding," chatted, about a book dealing with life in a Yorkshire hamlet as it was within the memory of those now grown elderly. To-day the same office falls to be performed to a book of kindred import, *The Spirit of the Old Folk* (Smith, Elder). It is written by Major Gambier-Parry, and in an open letter to his brother, used as preface, he shows that his aims in writing were to preserve some of the Gloucester idioms, to recall what life on the land was like in mid-Victorian days, and to show what stuff the old folk were made of. Well has he performed his task, and every lover of country life will delight in his book. Gloucester folk are not like Yorkshire folk any more than the softly rounded green wolds that, with their escarpments of mouldering rock, rise so prettily from this queen of the "coloured counties" are like the wild Yorkshire moors. There is more kick and "devil" in people as you travel northward, but the "Glawster Ahts" (the spelling is phonetic) have individuality of character. It is reflected in their language, and most engagingly does the author show it. Except for reference and hard study, a dictionary of dialect is a hateful thing. Words arranged alphabetically are but dry bones; woven into living speech their attractiveness is quadrupled. "Nile" as the common dialect word for flail is probably local to the county. At any rate, it was not in common use. In Oxfordshire the word was "thrail,"

but, in general, flail itself was in use, though in Scotland it became "flingin-tree," as in Burns' "The thresher's weary flingin-tree the lee-lang day had tired me." Evidently the peasant poet did not think so poetically of it as our author, who describes what he calls "the music of the flail" as being

something between the hum of a mill-wheel and the beating of a big drum, with the swish of the flail itself and the whistle of the wooden swivel, followed always by the "thud-thud," "thud-thud" and the rustle of the straw, with the grain flying merrily here and there as it was driven from the rough, red ears of corn.

The word he uses most commonly for the harvest is "rippin' time," a close approximate to the old Saxon word. The common phrase north of the Trent used to be shearing time, as in the old song beginning

Good-luck betide the shearing,  
For winter-time is nearing.

Cutting with the sickle, whether one with a sharp, smooth blade or a "shackle" with a toothed blade, was shearing, and there were shearers' beer, shearers' baps (or buns) and so on.

Major Gambier-Parry takes us as far back as the "Hungry Forties," and perhaps the most interesting feature of his book is the account he gives of ancient husbandry now grown obsolete, of manners and customs that have changed, and of hardships accepted as inevitable. Women in those days had large families, yet they had to work in the

fields and often at no slight or easy tasks. Take, for example, this thumb-nail sketch of lifting turnips:

"The hoein' wer' better work nor the liftin', when 'em wer' all soused in the autumn time. It wer' cunnin' work, though, hackin' 'em, and then pilin' on 'em together and coverin' 'em wi' their leaves agin the frosties. Ah!—wet work it wus, an' no mistake; but I did allus go out in winter times rigged out for what might come—in a smock an' coarse apron, wi' a cross-over shawl tied round, same as I got now, an' gaiters and stout shoon. Didn't take a lot o' hurt then."

The "want o' fittal" was often severely felt. Unlike the hardier Scot, the South Country labourer never discovered the possibilities of oatmeal.

"We wer' often times glad enough to dip a bit o' bread in a drop o' cider, an' go to bed on that."

There were also the days of the gang system, and the author's informant is far from exaggerating its horrors:

"You must minds as in them gangs ther' was folks o' all ages—old and young, married an' single, boys an' girls; an' toddlin' children, I tell ye. We were a-marched here and a-marched there, accordin' to the work and place o' workin'. And I can minds one time—though that did often happen elsewhere about—when we was on a job o' rippin', over at Thrapnell's, as we started over night, and did lay about in the barns, or where us could, till mornin' come an' it wer' light."

In spite of hard work, low wages and continual want, the peasantry of England during this period must have retained an extraordinary vigour of constitution. Major Gambier-Parry says that the majority "worked through, lived to be old, and bore good sons to follow them," and to this remark he has the following footnote:

In support of this the following may be adduced. In an agricultural parish in the writer's neighbourhood, the vicar compiled the following figures from his register for the fifty years, 1841-91. In that period sixty-eight persons died who were between 80 and 90 years of age, and sixteen between 90 and 100. Of these, thirty-two were 85 years and upwards, and eight were 95 and upwards. Of the eight, one was 99 and one 100 years old. The population of the parish was 602 in 1871; 462 in '81; and 438 in '91.

How frightfully hard the labour was is best seen in the chapter headed "The Breast Plough." It is pathetic to hear an old man declare that it was a famous tool. In working it the ploughman pressed his chest against the cross-handle and drove the plough forward through the soil by means of a series of pushes. Later improvements upon this were made. As the man said:

"When we did work 'em, we did push in with our thighs; and every two or three pushes did turn it over to the right side where the plough was flat."

At its best the work must have been very hard indeed.

Another agricultural custom was that of paring and burning. Caird, writing in 1850, said that this was the great feature in the management of farms in the Cotswolds, and that on a 700-acre farm he was assured by the occupier that from sixty to seventy acres were burnt every year. In the chapters on the Sexton and the Clerk, the Thatcher and the Last of the Mole-catchers we get the very spirit of the country-side. The mole-catcher has not ceased to be in the land, however. We could show one to Major Gambier-Parry who might almost have sat to his own sketch, and whose ancestors for three or four generations back have followed the same occupation.

#### WELSH POETRY.

**Translations from the Welsh**, by Francis Edwards. (Chiswick Press.) GENERAL rules in regard to the relation between geographical position and the character of national poetry do not come out very accurately. It has been said that a mountainous country is likely to give birth to poets of the ruggedly sublime order, while the low-lying plain is supposed to favour a muse of Tennysonian sweetness. The principle would apply to Scotland and the Celtic Movement. Ossian himself, with his "O sun, round as the shield of my fathers," did, indeed, give voice to what we would expect to be the Highland spirit, and in the work of his followers there is reflected the splendour of the hills, with more than a hint of the biting, cold winds that visit them and the barren poverty of the soil. The Celtic Movement in Ireland bears a great resemblance to that in Scotland, dealing as it does so largely with the mythical beauties, the miraculous heroes, the sprites and demons of civilisation's twilight. Yet Ireland, though containing many mountainous districts, is in essence a quiet green isle, washed by the Atlantic and visited by the soft, moist western winds. Wales, according to the rule, should yield verse as romantic as that of William Sharp; yet in this most interesting and valuable book of translations by Sir Francis Edwards, although the quality of the poetry is very high, its character is not romantic but as sweet and tranquil as it would have been had the writers lived in the fens of Lincolnshire or the flats of Cambridgeshire. Not by any means are they unconscious of the mountain scenery by which they are surrounded. They are not like Burns, who lived almost in the shadow of the hills and yet scarcely mentions them. But the writers appreciate the lonely hills as those might do who have lived prosperously in the vales. Thus:

Lofty Eiger lifts his shoulder white  
To the sky;  
And there gleams a single star to-night,  
Far on high.

The old mountain stands cheerily  
Though so worn;  
And the star—far older—smiles on me  
Like the morn!

Still more is that attitude emphasised in the following from "Llewelyn, Our Last Leader":

How fair, how full of peace each ancient mountain appears!  
Old, and yet still young 'neath the sun and the mist of years:  
They never bow though countless wand'ring clouds appal.  
They never move a foot to the stirring trumpet call  
Of the storm! Elders revered of times long since gone by!  
Companions of the Stars, holy elders of the sky!

The note of the verses before us is plaintive and idyllic, and the themes are those simple affairs of the heart which have occupied the minds of men since the beginning of years. Even the mountain brook does not brawl, but goes "softly singing through the rushes." The streamlet says:

I fear no mountain, howe'er high,  
To scale its height I will not try,  
But flow beside it peacefully.

The translator has done his work with consummate taste and skill. He has invariably rejected every word that seemed to be too plangent and sonorous for the theme. His vocabulary and versification are direct and simple, and the simplicity is not that of the rude and ignorant, but is governed by a choice of words as true and instructive as it is fastidious.

#### THE SON OF A CRICKETING HOUSE.

**A Band of Brothers**, by Charles Turley. (William Heinemann.)

"A BAND OF BROTHERS" is a first-rate story of public school life. The history of Granby, that famous school, and that of the Rumbold family, are inextricably connected through four generations when Joe Rumbold, the last of five brothers, comes up for entrance. Put down for the M.C.C. at fourteen days old, and entered for Granby three days later, it may be presumed the youth comes from a stock that is Granbeian to the core. But Joe is a throw-back; and, with the tradition of his four brothers—with eight "Blues" collected between them—to live up to, threatens to lower the family reputation in a deplorable manner, which that family resents bitterly in anticipation. At Maiden Croft the family has a common preoccupation—cricket; father and sons meet here on a common ground. When Mrs. Rumbold, a really charming sketch of motherhood, betrays ignorance of the identity of "Lilley, the best wicket-keeper in England," it is with delightful irony her son, Jumpy, remarks: "I believe mother will forget her own name next." Yet, despite the family's mistrust of him, Joe is sped to Granby; and, full of humour, gaiety and a lively understanding of the relations between youth and authority is the tale that follows. There are some clever studies in character, in particular that of Lomax, in whose house Joe finds himself; and altogether the book is one that should appeal to boys and old boys alike in its spirited vigour and lightheartedness.

## O'ER FIELD & FURROW.

#### FALLS AND FINANCE.

SO far the sport has been up to the average, but there are one or two points which may be noted. First, the number of more or less serious spills that have befallen followers of the hounds. Without applying particular causes to especial instances, I am sure, both from my own observation and experience, that a very large number of falls are occasioned by riders being underhorsed. So many people ride hunters that are not equal to their weight or the pace they wish to go (for there are clearly two ways of being underhorsed in the hunting field), our horses may not have the power necessary to carry us through a day's hunting, or they may not be fast enough. Mere size, of course, is not sufficient for a horse wanted to carry a heavy man (by which I mean anyone who rides 14st. and over). The horse to carry a man who rides 14st. over an enclosed country must be strong in front of the saddle, have free use of his shoulders and a strong neck. A horse with a light, weak neck can seldom carry weight. If a horse is good in the fore-hand, it does not matter so much if he is a little light behind the saddle. A horse often falls because he cannot offer sufficient resistance to the weight of the man on his back. A horse pecks on landing; most men pitch a little forward; the horse is unable to recover itself. Yet perhaps an even larger number of falls are occasioned because a hunter is ridden faster than he can go. Every horse has his pace, and his rider will be well advised to find this out if he can—there is a good deal in that if—because, to tell the truth, most of us are but poor judges of pace. Nevertheless, if we persist in forcing a horse beyond the pace he can go, we shall be sure to take a toss sooner or later. The fall with an over-weighted or over-paced horse is nearly always a bad one. But a man may say, "Hunters to carry weight are expensive, and I cannot buy them." The reply is, that the hunting man who cannot have what he wants must do with what he can afford. First, he must ride *through* rather than *over* a country. It is delightful to ride a bold hunter in a flying country, but flying fences with 14st. on his back takes more out of a horse than anything. Rise slowly at your fences and use your weight to push through. Give the horse plenty of time and plenty of rein, he will neither fall so often nor so heavily.

#### HUNT FINANCE.

I have just read the complaint of the Master of the Whaddon Chase as to the difficulties of a Master of Hounds. As to second



horsemen, of whom he complains bitterly, the only way out of that difficulty is not to allow second horsemen to follow the hunt at all, but to have a second meet at which all the second horses must be gathered and to which we must go to find them. Of course, we shall miss our second horses sometimes, but, after all, they are a comparatively modern luxury. As to Mr. Selby Lowndes' second point about the finance of hunting, we are going through a period of transition. Everyone who has had to look through hunt balance-sheets knows that much of the money comes from people who do not hunt at all. County landowners have subscribed to the Hunt as a matter of course. They will be able to do this no longer, and I know two hunts which, when this comes about, as it certainly will, must lose from one-fifth to one-third of their revenue. The remedy lies in the less wealthy members of the Hunt giving more. We are always being told that hunting is a rich man's sport. If that means that it is growing more expensive I agree. But it is not a sport which, out of the Shires, attracts rich men. You have only to look round any hunting field where you know the people to recognise the truth of this. The hunting folk who are neither rich nor poor, have now to find more of the money.

I believe that we have by no means got to the bottom of their pockets. But it is to be recollected that for many years most people got their hunting for nothing. It is not so very long ago that a famous northern Hunt declined a regimental subscription, while offering the officers a warm welcome to the hunting field, on the ground that they could not permit anyone to pay the expenses of the county Hunt. We have to adjust our ideas to a new state of things, and there is no doubt that we shall do so in the interests of the best of sports.

#### A CURIOUS HEAD ON EXMOOR.

The following extract from the letter of a correspondent in the West is interesting: "Do you recollect the stag with the curious head like a bullock's? I think you saw him hunted once. Well, he met his end in a way as dramatic as it was unexpected on Christmas Eve. This stag was hunted by the Master with but two couple of hounds. There was a screaming scent, and the wind was still, but the afternoon was fast closing in. They took him in the dark. This curious head had no points, nor had the antlers been shed as usual. The horns curved on each side, just like those of a bullock. X.

## WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

### THE MAPPIN TERRACES AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

**I**N the history of the applied arts some of the most interesting results have been achieved when the artist was bound by given conditions of material, space and purpose. In an exhibition of jewellery some years ago I was fascinated by the rings of Lalique. You could see how the design was built round an oddly shaped diamond or a strangely glowing ruby, so that by exquisite art a freak of nature informed a lovely pattern. Some of the most charming houses have come about, not by the construction of an ideal plan in a studio, with a consequent search for an appropriate site and owner, but when it has been necessary to fit the exacting requirements of a customer to a particular piece of ground. The idea of the Mappin Terraces at the London Zoological Gardens and the measure of success with which it has been realised can be understood best if I explain the conditions which had to be met.

The area occupied by the Gardens is less than thirty-five acres, and the Society exhibits a greater number of species and individuals than many institutions with three or four times as much space. The problem of finding sites on which can be placed accommodation that is suitable for the animals and convenient for visitors is extremely difficult. For nearly ten years we have been considering different schemes for the erection of rocky hills on which sheep and goats could be seen leaping from ledge to ledge or standing against the sky-line. In 1906, on a visit to the United States, I was much impressed by the provision made for bears at the Bronx Park in New York. Large enclosures had been blasted out of the solid rock to form steeply sloping platforms running up from the level of a pathway at the bottom to a second path along the top. The shelters for the animals were made to resemble natural caves, and in the foreground of each enclosure a swimming pool was provided. They seemed to me excellent for the bears and ideal for visitors, who could see the animals from below and from above. The only defect was the heavy and ugly iron bars with incurved tops by which the enclosures were guarded. We obtained photographs and plans, but the cost and the difficulty of arranging the six enclosures that the Garden Committee decided to be necessary, in any form that was not intolerably ugly, barred the way.

In the meantime we constructed the new Polar Bear Pool, and although that was a great advantage to the bears and a source of much pleasure to visitors, it was obvious that half a dozen similar structures would have permanently ruined the appearance of the Gardens. Up to this time I had not actually seen the Animal Park of the late Mr. Carl Hagenbeck at Stellingen, although on his frequent visits to London while his great scheme was shaping he had discussed with me the open-air treatment of animals and the necessity of making radical changes in the methods of the Zoological Gardens. When I saw the Park for the first time it was at once plain to me that now that the way had been shown, no collection of living animals dependent on the public for support could prosper unless it adopted at least some of Hagenbeck's methods. The features that impressed me most were the replacement of retaining bars by impassable ditches, the grouping of the enclosures into a scenic panorama that was itself beautiful, and the placing of a pavilion for visitors at the central point of view. I urged my conclusions on the Council of the Society in a private report, and with the valuable assistance of Sir Walter Lawrence and the Marquis of Sligo (then Lord Altamont) worked out a scheme for a large installation on the Hagenbeck lines. We hoped, by orienting the construction so that it would be visible to visitors outside the Gardens, to obtain the necessary space in Regent's Park just beyond our southern boundary. But the authorities were inexorable, and as there was no suitable unoccupied area within our boundary, the scheme lapsed.

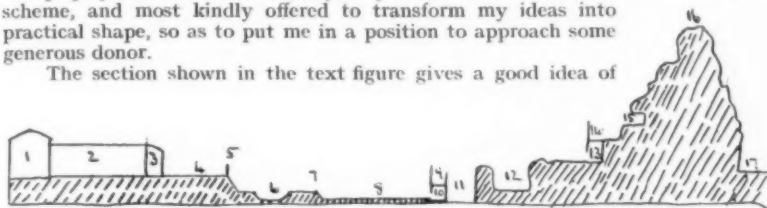
My friend, M. L'Hoeft, the capable director of the Zoological Gardens at Antwerp, had also decided that it was necessary to add some kind of Hagenbeck installation to the beautiful gardens under his control. His area, like ours, is small and completely occupied, and is bounded on all sides by public streets and buildings. He chose the end of the gardens commanding the longest open prospect, and raised on it a gigantic platform of ferro-concrete, which not only covered the existing service buildings, but provided more spacious accommodation for them. Partly on the platform and partly sloping down from it, a Hagenbeck landscape was built, with artificial rocks for mountain animals, twisting valleys for other ruminants, and ponds for decorative aquatic birds. As the total space for visitors was limited, he provided paths for the public, twisting through the landscape and crossing the valleys on bridges. I could make only two criticisms. The rocky landscape, which would have been beautiful in a large park like that at Stellingen, seemed incongruous in the narrow confines of an artificial garden, and the paths for visitors, necessary although they were, spoiled the decorative effect of the landscape.

As soon as I returned from Antwerp I found a suitable site for the plan that was now shaping in my mind to suit our own needs. It was the corner of the gardens between the refreshment rooms and the store-yard. In the apex a lofty platform could have been raised, covering and extending the existing stores' department. On this the highest peak of the rocky panorama could have been built up, with a curving range descending on one side towards the tunnel, and on the other towards the birds-of-prey aviaries. Within these two arms the structure could have shelved downwards to the ground level, where a pond would have been made. The open front would have stretched across the end of the great lawn, across the area now occupied by the refreshment rooms. Unfortunately, however, this would have involved the destruction of the small mammals' house and several other buildings, and although the present refreshment rooms are to be replaced as soon as the Society has enough money to rebuild, the obvious site for the new refreshment rooms would also have been absorbed. Finally, it was more than doubtful if the public authorities would have consented to the erection of the lofty and unpicturesque back of the structure along the line of the Broad Walk and the Outer Circle. There was left only one possible site, that on which the Mappin Terraces are now rising. We had begun to make it available for some large scheme of improvement by transferring the Prosectorium and Pathological Laboratory to the roof of the Reptile House. The Garden Improvement Fund, inaugurated by His Majesty the King, after the Exhibition of South African Animals, completed by a very large donation from the President for the re-erection of the gardeners' department on the north bank of the canal, sufficed to clear it, and in the beginning of 1912, when the ground was temporarily laid out for the King's Indian Collection, and the animals presented by the Government of the Federated Malay States, the ground available lay bare. Roughly, it was the quadrant of a circle, with a radius of about one hundred yards, the apex next the Park, one straight side running along the Park boundary to the edge of the new Flamingo Pond, the other straight side running up past the Apes' House towards the main gate, and the curving periphery stretching over the Polar Bears' Enclosure up towards the Monkey House. Given the site, and the requirements, the blocking out of the plan followed almost inevitably. The necessary peaks for the goats and sheep had to be placed along the outer side of the quadrant, carried on concrete pillars high above the ground level, rising sharply at the back, and sloping more gradually on the sunny southern side. The second crescentic slice gave an area for six enclosures for bears, each roughly 50ft. square. Still lower down, actually on the ground level, the crescent still nearer the apex gave room for four paddocks for deer, and still nearer again a crescentic enclosure for a pond, and there was still room

towards the apex for a wide terrace for visitors in front of a tea pavilion. It was plain that the general panoramic effect could be arranged easily, and the intermediate paths from which visitors could obtain a close view of the animals had now to be considered.

One was required along the foot of the goat-hills, the other in front of the ditch that was to retain the bears. I came to the conclusion that it would be simplest to place each of these over the dens for the animals in the terrace next below, and to protect them on the inner side by high walls, which on the one hand would mask the black throng of visitors from the central point of view, and, on the other hand, would afford a glimpse of the animals below through windows. It was only necessary to adjust the levels so that visitors in the pavilion could see over the summits of these paths to the terraces and hills occupied by the animals. Finally, to give access to the intermediate paths, it was necessary to have flights of steps along each outer radius of the installation. My colleagues, Mr. Pocock and Mr. Seth-Smith, assisted me with essential details as to the dimensions, nature and number of the shelters for the animals, the arrangements of gates and pulleys for feeding and moving the animals, the height and width of the retaining walls and ditches, and early in the summer of 1912 I was able to consult my friends, the late Mr. John Belcher, R.A., and Mr. J. J. Joass. Most fortunately they took an interest in the scheme, and most kindly offered to transform my ideas into practical shape, so as to put me in a position to approach some generous donor.

The section shown in the text figure gives a good idea of



RADIAL SECTION THROUGH THE MAPPIN TERRACES.

Scale 80ft. to the inch.

their plan; it is a radial vertical section from the apex to the periphery of the installation. The ground at the apex is raised 10ft. above the "datum" level, and is occupied by (1 and 2) the tea pavilion, with (3) a covered verandah in front of it, and (4) a wide terrace from which visitors look over the whole panorama. The terrace is separated by a hand-rail (5) from the first curving enclosure, which will be turfed, and contain a pond (6). This enclosure is separated by a transparent wire fence (7) from 8, the crescent divided into ranges for deer, the shelters for these animals being shown at 10. Above 10, at 9, is the second terrace for visitors, protected on the inner side by a high wall pierced with windows, and on the outer side by a low wall separating it from 11, the ditch which retains the bears.

At first we did not intend to allow the bears to descend into the ditch, but we have now constructed concealed tunnels from the bottom of the ditch up to the bears' platform, so that the animals will have a cool place to which they can descend at will, a kind of glorified bear-pit. At 12 is one of the ponds in the bears' terrace, and 13 shows one of their sleeping dens. Above 13 is 14, the highest terrace for visitors, similar in construction to the second terrace, and separated by a transparent wire fence from the goat-hills. At 15 is shown one of the cave shelters, 16 is the summit of a peak, and 17 is the level of the existing path at the back. To adapt the installation to its place in a garden, the architects have made their design a gradual transition from the natural scenery of the rocky peaks to the formal arrangement of the Renaissance Pavilion and gardens, and as the construction proceeds it becomes more and more apparent that the Mappin Terraces will be not only suitable for animals and visitors, but a novel and beautiful architectural design. It is a deep regret to me that the late Mr. John Newton Mappin, who realised the artistic and practical possibilities of the scheme, simply from seeing the architectural plans and a schematic water-colour sketch, did not live to see the completion of the addition to the sights of London which his princely generosity made possible.

CHALMERS MITCHELL.

#### NOTES AND QUERIES.

##### YOUNG CUCKOOS AND EMERGENCY FOSTER PARENTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—The letter in your last issue on the subject of young cuckoos being fed by other birds besides their foster parents reminds me of a somewhat similar experience of mine. A young cuckoo, whom I was rearing by hand, escaped from me when it was two months and a half old and flew on to the top of a tall tree. I followed it for an hour from

tree to tree without succeeding in recapturing it. Meanwhile the cuckoo, becoming hungry, began to call for food. Very soon its demand was answered by a pair of chaffinches, who set to work with great energy, collecting caterpillars and flies for their protégé, which they fed incessantly.—A. TAYLOR.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—Your notes on young birds being fed by others besides their parents suggest that the call of a hungry young bird awakens some parental or altruistic instinct akin to the parental in other birds which hear it. Certainly the power thus to summon other birds to its assistance is no monopoly of the young cuckoo. While I was once ensconced in a hiding-tent, photographing a nest of young missel thrushes, a chaffinch with his beak full of insects flew on to the nest side and fed the clamouring, open-mouthed youngsters in the nest.—T.

#### THE REY DEL MONTE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE"]

SIR,—I was much interested in your article a few weeks ago on the Rey del Monte. I spent a few months in the Argentine some years ago, in the province of Santa Fé, but I never came across this bird. Your correspondent says he is common in the Chaco, but not often to be met with in the more southern parts of the country, which would account for my not seeing him in Santa Fé. However, my sister-in-law, with whom I was staying there, is now in England, and she tells me she has twice seen the Rey del Monte in her garden, on each occasion surrounded by a number of small birds. Another kind of owl, about the size of our little owl, was very common in the Argentine; he also was diurnal in his habits. As to the translation of "Rey del Monte" as "King of the Wood," it may interest your readers to know that in the Argentine a wood is always called "monte," the reason apparently being that on the vast expanses of plain the small woods and plantations which surround buildings for the sake of shelter appear as little knolls or hillocks, and are the only "hills" to be seen. I guessed this to be the reason, and was told by my host that it was so.

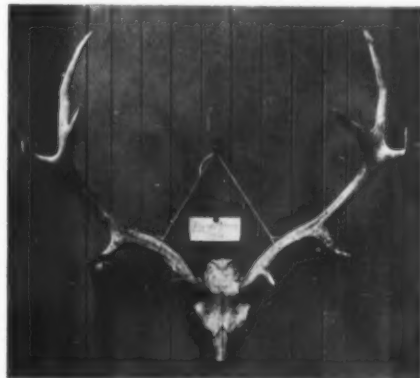
A tiger-cat, of which I obtained a specimen, is known as Gato Montés, and this must mean "forest cat" rather than "mountain cat," as there are no mountains to be found in the greater part of the country.

—F. S. GREEN.

#### THE STALKING SEASON OF 1913.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The enclosed photographs, taken in an Inverness-shire forest, show the class of beast that perished during the past winter. A large number of sickly animals of both sexes, as well as calves and yearlings, died, but, unfortunately for the results of



THE CLASS OF BEAST THAT PERISHED.

the past stalking season, a great many fine stags also succumbed. They had no time to recover from the weakening effects of a late rutting season. There is no doubt that the stock of good stags in many forests has been reduced owing to a succession of bad winters, and the evil effects are not confined to one year.—FRANK WALLACE.



STAGS IN AN INVERNESS-SHIRE FOREST LAST WINTER.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

### "THE FAMOUS FIENDS OF NOTRE DAME."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Referring to the letter on this subject which appeared in your issue of January 3rd, it may surprise the writer and a good many other people, too, to learn that, so far from having overlooked Paris for centuries, the Fiends in question have in reality occupied their present position for only some fifty or sixty years, and are, moreover, the work of an Englishman. This statement is based on a communication from Mr. Harry Hems of Exeter, which appeared in *Notes and Queries* of May 7th, 1910 (II. S. i., 369), and from which the following is an extract: "Many people are under the impression that these date from mediæval times, but, as a matter of fact, the creatures are little older than the venerable-looking, tall, crocketed pinnacles upon the exterior of Exeter Cathedral, the eldest of which is, as a matter of fact, fully a quarter of a century younger than myself. Indeed, the Notre Dame gargoyles are not French workmanship. Most of these cleverly manipulated nondescripts, full of quaint conceit—some doing duty as water-spouts, but in many instances simply curious creations perched over the battlements, etc.—are exact reproductions of the old decayed original ones, removed by Viollet-le-Duc, the eminent architect, when he restored a great portion of the fabric about the middle of the last century. At that time 'Gorgie' Myers—a Yorkshireman by birth, and then one of the largest and best-known London contractors—was engaged in building a large mansion for a member of the Rothschild family near Paris. One of the men employed there by him was an expert worker in stone named Frampton, a native of Beverley. After the work was completed at the Chateau, Viollet-le-Duc secured his services, and Frampton was the man who, under the architect's personal supervision, carved by far the greater part of the gargoyles in question. I knew him personally and am perhaps one of the few left alive who are aware that they are his work."—ALAN STEWART.

### "WEIGHT OF BLACK GAME AND OTHER GROUSE."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—It may interest your correspondent "O.G." (in reference to his interesting notes on weights of grouse) to know that I have a record of a blackcock, shot in Northumberland in 1893, which weighed almost 5lb. a good many hours after it was killed. He will find this bird referred to on page 457 of my "Birds of Northumberland and the Eastern Borders," and four pages further on in the same volume a note of some 107 red grouse weighed at various times. The latter—old and young and of either sex, and at all times of the season—average a little over 21oz., several of the heaviest cocks reaching 28oz.; all at least some hours after death, most of them on the following day.—GEORGE BOLAM.

### THE FOLK-LORE OF GOOD FRIDAY EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I should be very glad if you could tell me whether the following superstition is well known. In the village of Montsoe, a few miles from here, the old women declare that eggs, if laid on Good Friday, will keep perfectly fresh for the next Christmas puddings. A friend of mine tried the experiment, with entire success, and told me of it. Last Good Friday I myself locked up some of the eggs laid that day, simply standing them in egg-cups. These eggs I broke early in December (in the presence of two other people), and found them as absolutely fresh as if new laid. It would be interesting to hear if this fact is known in other districts.—LILIAN M. LEVI, Bletchley.

### CHRISTMAS WILD FLOWERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In past years I have sent you some particulars of wild plants found in blossom at Christmas-time. The exceptionally mild autumn and early winter of this year have made our finds even more interesting than in the past, and perhaps you may care to insert the following records. As late as December 16th the teasel, pink clover, hedge mustard and water figwort were still in bloom, and several plants of meadowsweet had buds on fresh growths. A list of thirty-one plants in bloom was made on December 20th, which included the narrow-leaved cress, *Ruscus aculeatus*, primrose, barren strawberry, pink campion, bramble and wild chervil. On December 21st the hazel catkins were shedding pollen, as also were those of the alder on Christmas Eve. On Boxing Day another list was made, which included the lesser stitchwort, wart-cress, angelica, black horehound, ivy, three-nerved sandwort and common dock. The country traversed was quite a small area adjacent to Epping Forest.—W. RICHTER ROBERTS.

### PADDOCK, PUDDOCK; FROG, TOAD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your review of Miss Wright's interesting work on "Rustic Speech and Folk-lore"

you mention "the dappled paddock" as a folk-name for a frog. It may be so in some places, yet in Derbyshire puddock is the common name for the *toad*. As a lad, I had a large toad which spent many a winter behind a big ivy stem near the house door. The creature was tame and knew his shorter name of "Jock," his ordinary name being Jock-Puddock. On fine early spring mornings, when the ivy stem was rapped and Jock was called out, he would hop to be fed with bits of raw meat, after which he would retire as gracefully as it was possible for a puddock to do. A pastime for both boys and girls was to go and seek for puddocks sitting in holes in a bank-side. This habit of toads sitting in holes with only their heads and eyes showing is the origin of the famous name for the puddling known as toad-i'-th'-hole. Frogs were called "Jacks."—THOMAS RATCLIFFE.

### DEATH OF A NOTED HIGHLAND STALKER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The death has just occurred, at Derry Lodge, Braemar, of one of the best known of Highland stalkers, Donald Fraser. Though Mr. Fraser was over seventy years of age, he was active and vigorous until November, when he underwent a serious operation from which, unhappily, he did not recover. Last season he was out on the hill as usual, and thought nothing of the walk down to Braemar and back—a distance of nearly twenty miles—on a Sunday. Fraser had been in the employment of the late Duke of Fife for, I believe, close on forty years, and was a well known figure to those who climbed among the Cairngorms; in fact, the Derry has lost a personality which had come to be looked upon as inseparable from it. Fraser had a somewhat difficult rôle to play. He had to watch after the Forest of Mar in the interests of his employer, and he had, at the same time, to be courteous to the many members of the public who visited the Derry during the spring and summer months. He was acknowledged on all sides to have done his duty to both employer and public, and by his charming old-world courtesy he made himself a large circle of friends, by whom he will be sadly missed.—SETON GORDON.

### AMERICAN FOOTBALL AND RUGBY FOOTBALL IN AMERICA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—An American correspondent writes to me to point out that some little misapprehension is apt to be caused in Great Britain by an account of Rugby football, as the writer terms it, in America, which was given lately in one of the leading morning papers in this country. My correspondent writes: "In giving an account of the football game between Yale and Harvard, they headed the article with this: 'Rugby Football in America.' This is a mistake. California is at present the only State in the Union playing Rugby. The Faculties at the two Universities in California put their foot down and vetoed the American football some six years ago. Lately their rules [I take this to mean the rules for American football] have been modified, and they claim the game has been made less brutal. For last season's play, just concluded, fourteen killed and one hundred and forty-three seriously injured is the killed and wounded account. It is an awful game. These casualties occurred in a very short season, from about September 5th to December 13th or 14th." Fortunately, it is manifest that, in spite of the modification of the rules of the "American football" in the direction of making it somewhat more gentle than it used to be, it is still widely different from the game which we know, and which is played in California, as Rugby football. It is not to Rugby football that this terrible list of killed and wounded has to be debited.—HORACE G. HUTCHINSON.

### COOT CAUGHT IN THE WIRELESS AERIAL.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Perhaps the enclosed photograph may be of interest. It represents a coot that one morning was found entangled in the wireless aerial of this ship and in some extraordinary manner got a "round turn" of the wire round his leg. This is the more remarkable as the wires are fairly taut, and so how it got entangled is a mystery. Presumably the bird was flying at night and at what seems a fair height for a coot, the aerial being nearly forty yards above the water. It is also one of the few coots that I have seen in this part (Nankin, Yangtse-Kiang), as here they are by no means a common sight. Neither I nor anyone else on board had ever seen or heard of a similar case, though of course for birds to strike the aerial is not at all unusual.—A. R. FARQUHAR, H.M.S. Cadmus, China Fleet.

### WELSH PONIES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to "J. H." and Mr. Colman Rogers, allow me to repeat that I fully acknowledge the great work done by the Welsh Pony



A MARCONI CAPTURE.

and Cob Society; but whatever may be done by this society elsewhere, nothing is being done to improve the breed in this county (Carnarvonshire). I say this on my own knowledge and on the authority of the principal local breeder—himself a member of the society.—L. E.

#### CLOTHING FOR WINTER SPORTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I read with interest your articles on clothing for ski-ing in the Alps, but was surprised to find that most of your correspondents seem to favour breeches or knickerbockers with puttees. I have lived in Germany for some years now and have had occasion to ski in the Bavarian Highlands, in the Black Forest and here in Thuringia, and have found that most first-class German ski-runners and all the Norwegians wear the Norwegian costume, consisting of a short jacket with deep muff pockets (sometimes worn outside the jacket), a leather strap to prevent jacket lifting, and long trousers, wide cut at the knee and tightening to the bottom, where they button or strap over the top of the boot, thus preventing snow entering, without one having to put on an extra pair of socks to roll over boot-top, as one of your correspondents suggested. They also wind a short puttee round the top of boot and trouser juncture to prevent trouser-end slipping up. Most of these suits are dark blue impregnated serge or Cheviot, quite smooth, and the "boot-top puttee" is usually fairly highly coloured—brick red or yellow, with a tassel. The wide trousers with knee room are certainly far better than the best cut breeches, as I have found myself, as I first used breeches and now use a Norwegian suit. The chief thing in ski-ing is to be able to move every joint with



perfect freedom, especially the knees—particularly for the Telemark swing and for jumping. The ventilation with long trousers is also better, as there is always air between outer cloth and leg, whereas when puttees are clotted with snow (they are mostly too rough in texture) the leg is liable to cool. Instead of the knitted sweater, which your correspondent seemed to favour wearing under jacket, I would suggest a leather waistcoat with long sleeves, which is less heavy if carried in "Rucksack" and will keep one warm at times when a biting ridge wind would pierce every woollen covering, and if worn without coat will never collect snow as a sweater does. This brings me to a point which is usually passed over too lightly—especially, as I noticed, by the Englishmen and Americans here, which is strange enough—as we are, as a race, usually very practical in the way of sports clothing. The chief thing in choosing a ski-ing outfit is to see that the cloth of the suit, the outer covering of gauntlets, the cap, etc.—in short, the outside of everything—is perfectly smooth. The slightest hairiness in the texture gives the snow a chance to stick, and this snow then melts, owing to the body warmth, and sinks slowly through and into the cloth. I was once or twice caught in a snowstorm with a friend who wore a "homespun" suit. The result was, when we got under shelter, he was soaked through and I was fairly dry, as I was able to brush the adhered snow off easily. Harris tweeds and homespun are perfect for most sporting purposes, but for sports that have to do with snow, such as ski-ing, tobogganing, bobbing, etc., they are not advisable—especially for ski-ing. With apologies for having trespassed on your valuable space.—W. G. EHRENBACH.

#### COTTAGES WITHOUT CEILINGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You recently referred in an article on cottage building to the unsatisfactory results of omitting the plaster from the ceilings of ground floor rooms and providing nothing except the floor-boards of the room above. I think your readers may therefore be interested to know that at a meeting of the Bosmere District Council, Suffolk, complaint was made that some cottages had recently been built at Nettlestead without ceilings, and that one of the occupants had received instructions not to wash the upstairs floors in case the water should come through!—A. B. D.

[This incident confirms us in our opinion that the slight saving in cost effected by the omission of a plaster ceiling is not only at the expense of reasonable comfort, but is likely to lead to cottages not being kept clean. However well seasoned the floor-boards may be, and however carefully tongued and grooved, there is a certainty that not only will water come through, but also dust. Another correspondent tells us that he recently omitted the plaster

ceiling, not for the purpose of economy, but for aesthetic reasons, in order to secure the pleasant effect of an open-beamed ceiling, but he has been punished by the steady fall of dust on the room below.—ED.]

#### TO GET RID OF COCKROACHES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I think I have noticed enquiries from time to time in COUNTRY LIFE as to an effective way of dealing with cockroaches in a house, and perhaps the following may be worth a trial where practicable and where simpler means have failed. It proved perfectly efficacious here, and, what is more to the point, has, apparently, permanently banished the beetles from the house—at least, none has appeared for some years. A neighbouring house, I am informed, received what insurance people call "immediate benefits" in a large augmentation of its beetle population! But to the point: In the kitchen of the house in question (after many other means had been tried in vain) the skirting boards were taken off, and lumps of clot lime, fresh from the kiln, inserted in the spaces behind them before they were replaced. The atmospheric conditions of the room soon reduced the lime to a powder, and in a few days it was noticed that the beetles which appeared were "as dusty as millers." In the course of a fortnight they had entirely disappeared, old and young, and, as already stated, have never returned.—G. B.

#### HARD PRESSED FOR EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which, I hope, will be of some use to you for COUNTRY LIFE. This fowl, its nest having been stolen, had no eggs to sit on, and was broody. At the time, one of the cats had some kittens and carried them to



#### BROODING THE CAT AS WELL AS THE KITTENS.

an outhouse, where this fowl had had its nest. The fowl immediately took to the kittens and sat on them and very rarely left them. Sometimes one could see her sitting on the cat and three kittens all at the same time, and she would peck at you if you attempted to take one of the kittens away.—JOHN O. MARTIN.

#### A HOMELY MODE OF FENCING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In the country-side, where everywhere dry-stone dykes are giving way before vastly uninteresting stretches of barbed wire fences, one came with a sensation of joy upon traces of an old and, as far as one's knowledge goes, unique mode of retaining domestic stock within bounds. The dyke in question surrounds a considerable portion of a Highland farm not far from the Speyside village of Kincaig and the base of the Cairngorms. The lower portion of the structure is an ordinary dry-stone dyke, but along its summit, at more or less regular and close intervals, project large stone slabs about a foot high, each with a deep notch in the upper edge. So the dyke stands to-day,

and it was puzzling at first glance to fathom the purpose of the notched projections; but one solitary portion furnished a clue. A single slender trunk of a Scots fir (seen in the mid-distance of the photograph) rested along several of the projecting slabs, lying securely in the notches. Evidently, when the fence was complete, young stems formed a continuous barrier raised some distance above the top of the dyke proper. Not only was the dyke heightened in this way at comparatively small cost, for fir woods are there in abundance, but the suspended bar formed a deterrent, much more effective than a continuous dyke, against the leaping efforts of black-faced sheep or other stock. Many enquiries were made in the district as to whether this type of fencing had been common in the country-side, but no other examples were discovered, and the only information gained was that the fence had been in use about fifty years ago, that the projecting slabs had been brought some distance from the bed of the Feshie, and that the structure had been the invention of the farmer whose fields it surrounded.—JAMES RITCHIE.



AN ANTIQUE HIGHLAND DYKE.



OXEN IN THE  
YOKE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]  
SIR,—The very interesting and excellently illustrated article by Mr. James Shaw in your recent double number reminds one of many country scenes in the Taunus country, north of Frankfort, in which cattle under the yoke formed a frequent sight. I was able to photograph several groups in the act of ploughing, and I enclose a photograph of one such scene. I was very glad to notice that the animals were very kindly used. Their patient, quiet ways seemed to have enkindled good feelings in the hearts of the men who handled the plough or led the team. Both oxen and cattle are much more used for purposes of haulage and agriculture than are horses in that part of Hesse.—WALTER JESPER.



A PLOUGHING SCENE IN THE TAUNUS COUNTRY.

## "AN ANCIENT ALMSBOX."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Readers of COUNTRY LIFE who were interested in the pictures of the old almsbox at Outwell, reproduced in your issue of December 6th, 1913, may be interested in the enclosed photograph of the quaint iron padlocked poor-box in the Early English church at Brede, Sussex. This box bears the date 1687 and, among other inscriptions, "Serve the Lord, remember the poor." Apart from this relic, Brede Church has other natural and "alien" antiquities. Not the least curious is the cradle of Dean Swift, noticed by Mr. E. V. Lucas in his "Highways and Byways in Sussex," with the remark, "It is worth a visit to Brede to be persuaded that the matured Irishman ever was a baby." Behind the cradle is a wonderfully carved Flemish chest, the front panel of which depicts, with a wealth of detail, episodes in the commercial ventures of some merchant mariner of Flanders. In the Oxenbridge chantry (the Oxenbridge family were the owners of Brede Place, a fifteenth and sixteenth manor house about a mile from the church) is the tomb of Sir Goddard Oxenbridge (1537) and a brass to the memory of Sir Robert Oxenbridge (1487). A strange legend is attached to one or other of these knights. Mark Antony Lower, the historian of Sussex, says the latter. According to this local tradition, Sir Robert was a child-eating ogre. The villagers, after first making him drunk, sawed him asunder with a wooden saw, at a spot called "Groaning Bridge," near by, which in the nature of things became haunted by his unquiet spirit. As Brede Place afterwards became the notorious haunt of smugglers, the *motif* for the rumours is obvious. High up in this chantry is an interesting armorial mediæval stone carving, which, from its inaccessible position, seems to have escaped the notice of all modern writers on Sussex whom I am acquainted with.—HORACE WRIGHT.



THE PADLOCKED POORBOX.



DEAN SWIFT'S CRADLE AND CARVED CHEST (IN BREDE CHURCH, SUSSEX).

"THE ORIGIN OF  
OUR TWISTING  
LANES."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In your issue of December 20th reasons are given for the ramifying nature of English country lanes. Mention was not made of the use of the pack horse and mule in the days before many roads were used. There is proof that the curving lanes occurring in Warwickshire and the more remote districts of North Staffordshire originated in paths made by the pack horse.—R. F. H. CREWE.

WILD AND TAME  
CATS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your correspondent's letter about her cats is very interesting, but it is, I believe, a fairly well established fact that ordinary English cats, are in the main, descended from *Felis Egyptiacus*, the Egyptian cat, and not from *Felis catus*, the European wild cat. Domestic cats do, however hybridise fairly readily with *Felis catus*, and it is possible that it is from such a cross that the lady's pets are descended. There is no authentic instance of a true-bred British wild cat ever being tamed, the animal being extraordinarily shy and fierce even at a very early age.—T. CUTHBERT.

## THE MANUFACTURE OF COPRA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall esteem it a particular favour if you will be good enough to refer me to the sources of information with regard to the manufacture of copra (or coperah) on the Malabar Coast and in the Federal Malay States, Java, the Philippine Islands, etc., the latest processes and machinery or plant involved, etc. Thanking you in anticipation.—D. A. O'GORMAN.

## "PANDEAN PIPES."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your excellent illustration and the letter in your last issue. Though Pan pipes are no longer seen in our English lanes and inn parlours, and the itinerant musicians who wielded them, seem to be an extinct genus, supplanted by the mere mechanical turners of handles who grind out last year's music-hall ditties on street pianos, yet in out-of-the-way corners of the earth the Pan pipes still flourish. At the best restaurant in Baku there is in the orchestra of ten a player of Pan pipes. He contends alone against the pianist and eight players of stringed instruments; but right worthily does he hold his own, and, as the tempo gets faster, more swiftly and more swiftly move his head and fingers. During the intervals he buttons his instrument tightly to his breast inside the tunic of his gorgeous uniform; whether it be a professional ceremonial which has come down from his rustic peers, who secured their instruments in this fashion that their elbows might be free, I leave to those more learned in their ways to decide.—W. H.